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BLOOD ON THE WHITE HOUSE.

Translated from The Boston Pioneer for THE STANDARD *by* J. A. SPRAGUE.

THE White House should be painted next March with negro blood, and henceforward be called the Red House. It has been the headquarters of the negro murderers.

Since the 3d of November no more murders have been announced from the South. It has ceased to be of service to the rebels as to their opponents. Gen. Grant needs it no more, and sits again in Washington without fear of being reminded of his violated obligations, by new cries of murder.

Question.—How many murders has this Grant upon his conscience; murders, which he was appointed to prevent, and could have prevented? For months long he smoked his cigars to the death-rattle of his victims; and no cry of humane indignation, to say nothing of command for arrest of the murderers, came out of his mouth. Which of his panegyrists and servants, what "Republican" newspaper writer or stump orator has been restrained for a moment in his enconiums, by the daily announcement of the slaughtering of those, whom this Grant, unmoved, allowed to be sent out of this world, they staking their lives for him and his party? Which of these Radicals, so enthusiastic for "Freedom," "Rights of Mankind" and "Humanity," has had heart and courage enough to interrupt the din of the "campaign" with a word of indignation at the infamous perfidy and stony inhumanity with which their honored Chief and honored Congress let this human slaughter in the South be carried on, and indirectly contrived it, in order to call Northern electors to the ballot-box, by the death-screams of their deserted victims? The blood of these victims cleaves not only to the hands of Gen. Grant and Congress; it cleaves to the hands of every "Republican" leader who with his "election"-shouts drowned the murdered ones cries for help, instead of cursing the monster who let them, unprotected and unavenged, be butchered.

To the disgrace of the Germans, "*The Pioneer*" is the only German paper which gave suitable expression to its indignation at this criminality; and to the disgrace of the Americans, Wendell Phillips is the only public character of their race, who has secured himself from participation in this guilt through timely condemnation.

A man who needs so much blood, and that too, the blood of his friends, in order to *become* President, will he recoil at blood, if it be a means for him to *remain* President?

And who can believe that such a man of blood has a "heart for the people?" Through the blood already shed, Wendell Phillips arrives at last to the thought of setting aside the power of shedding it, namely, of abolishing the Presidency. "A month of such national offences," says he in the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, "is enough to create a public opinion which abolishes the Presidency." One would think if such public opinion could have been created through blood, then must the Presidency have long ago belonged to the things that were. It is to be hoped, to the help of the blood, MIND will now come forward, and especially the minds of men like Wendell Phillips

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* publishes the following letter from Senator Sumner, addressed to a friend in Missouri prior to the recent elections:

BOSTON, Oct. 3d.—*Dear Sir:* I am pained to learn that there can be any question among good Republicans with regard to the enfranchisement of the colored race, especially as declared in the constitutional amendment now pending in Missouri. When shall this great question be settled if not now? Why wait—why prolong the agony? There is only one way in which it can be settled. Why not at once? All who vote against it only vote to continue the agitation, which will never end except with the establishment of the equal rights of all. Only in this way can the Declaration of Independence be vindicated in its self-evident truths. As long as men are excluded from the suffrage on account of color, it is gross impudence for any nation to say they are equal in rights. Of course, men are not equal in strength, size or other endowments, physical or mental, but they are equal in rights, which is what our fathers declared. They are equal before God; equal before the divine law; they should be made equal before human law. Equality before the law is the true rule. How can any possible evil result from a rule which is so natural and just? There can be no conflict of races where there is no denial of rights. It is only when rights are denied that conflict begins. See to it that that all are treated with justice, and there will be that peace which is the aspiration of good men. For the sake of peace, I pray that this great opportunity be not lost. I hear a strange cry about the supremacy of one race over another. Of course I am against this with my whole heart and soul. I was against it when it showed itself in the terrible pretensions of the slave-master; and now I am against it, as it shows itself in the most shameful oligarchy of which history has made mention—an oligarchy of the skin. Reason, humanity, religion, and common sense all reject the wretched pretension. Even if the whites are afraid that the blacks will become an oligarchy and rule their former masters, this is no reason for a continued denial of rights. But this inquietude on account of what is called "negro supremacy" is as amusing as it is incredible. It is one of the curiosities of history. Occupied as I am at this moment, I should be tempted to put aside all other things and journey to the Mississippi in order to look at a company of whites who will openly confess their fear of "negro supremacy." I should like to see their pallid faces and hear the confession from their own trembling lips. Such a company of whites would be a sight to behold. Falstaff's sorry troops were nothing to them. Such foolish fears and foolish arguments cannot prevail against the great cause of equal rights. Spite of all obstacles and all prejudices, this truth must triumph. Was it not declared by our fathers? What they declared is a promise perpetually binding upon us, their children. Accept my best wishes, and believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS, AND HOW LORD STANLEY HAS CAJOLED OUR MINISTER—THE TEXAS CERTIFICATE.

LONDON, November 11th.—I forget how many speeches at how many dinners Mr. Reverdy Johnson has made since I last mentioned His Excellency. It would be useless to try to reckon them. Before this letter can get printed he will have delivered half a dozen more, and more or less of them will have been sent across that unhappy cable. Never was man so flattered and fooled to the top of his bent. Down to this moment, his actually latest public harangue was at the Lord Mayor's carousal on Monday, and I suppose you have a version of it by telegraph. But which version have you? There was the real speech as spoken by Mr. Reverdy Johnson after he had eaten and drunken, reported faithfully in next morning's papers in leaded type. There is also the sham speech which Mr. Johnson meant to make or now wishes he had made, which he wrote out, either before or after the dinner, and which he sends all cold and decorous to *The Times* of this morning. Give him the benefit of his afterthoughts—or forethoughts, whichever they were—I still do not see that they help him. The speech which he orally uttered is in the same strain as the Liverpool oration. A provincial journal, *The Scotsman*, hitherto friendly to Mr. Johnson, characterises it as a piece of "gushing frankness and broad flattery," adding that "Mr. Johnson as usual sung his own praises and the praises of this country." That he was guilty of a gross breach of decorum, amounting almost to an insult to Lord Stanley, even Mr. Disraeli could not refrain from hinting to him Perhaps Mr. Disraeli meant to have reserved for himself the glory of announcing what it is the ignorant fashion here to call the settlement of the Alabama claims. His sneer is less pointed in the report that it was in delivery marked also by an expression of face there was no mistaking, when he observed that the speech of the American Minister "prevented the necessity of *my* imparting to you any Cabinet secrets;" and again in his satirical reference to the "peculiar interest" which Mr. Johnson had given to the occasion. I do not know whether Mr. Johnson was at that period of the dinner able to understand the force of this rebuke; but whether from this, or induced by private remonstrance from Lord Stanley, our amiable representative has actually withdrawn his statement that the Alabama difficulties are at an end. This is worth your attention, because I venture to say you will not get the withdrawal by telegraph. He said in his recent speech: "I speak, as Lord Stanley knows, from knowledge, when I say that the difficulties which have for some time threatened the peace of the two countries are now—what shall I say, Mr. Secretary? I almost pause for a reply—are now at an end." Which brought down "loud and protracted cheering." In the sham speech, the point disappears and the statement is softened into an agreeable generality. "However solicitous," says Mr. Johnson, "upon this subject, they may have been during the past few years, and whatever fears they may have entertained that these relations might be seriously disturbed, I hope that they are now satisfied—I know there is good cause for their being satisfied—that no such disturbance will occur. I hope that his Lordship your Foreign Secretary will not consider me as improperly divulging the progress of our negotiations, if I add that my knowledge upon this point is obtained from such progress." What a washed-out, diplomatic version this is of the positive, flaming statement coming over the wire from his loosened lips!

But no matter what version we take, the truth is bad enough. The English journals have been told to say, and do say, that Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley have agreed to refer to the King of Prussia the preliminary question, whether England is liable at all for the damage done by the Alabama. If liable, a mixed commission sitting in London is to receive proof of claims, including equally all British claims against America.

I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you have this story by telegraph, and have already denounced the bargain as a fraud on the English side, and a shameful surrender on the part of our Minister. Is this the price Mr. Johnson pays for the good will of English Rebels? The liability which he agrees the King of Prussia shall decide, is a liability which Lord Stanley himself has admitted. No American can have forgotten that Alabama debate in the House last session, on the 6th of March, which Mr. Cyrus Field telegraphed in full to New York. Lord Stanley said—no doubt in words of diplomatic caution, but still unmistakable—

"I have never concealed my opinion that the American claimants, or some of them at least, under the reference proposed by us, were very likely to make out their case and to get their money."

If there be any doubt about the meaning of these words, there is a comment upon them and an interpretation of them in the speech of Mr. John Stuart Mill, on the same evening. Mr. Mill said:

"I cordially welcome the hints thrown out by the noble Lord as to the probability of settling this question *in some other way than by arbitration.* Indeed, I do not see for what arbitration is specially required. I believe that there are few in this country at present who are disposed to deny that we owe reparation in some sort or degree to the United States. *It is quite clear that the noble Lord (Stanley) is of this opinion.* This, therefore, is not a case in which arbitration is wanted. If we owe anything, we must pay it, and what we want is some one to say *not whether we ought to pay, but how much*, and this would be best decided, not by arbitration, but by a mixed commission."

Is not that plain? But it is followed by a declaration if possible still plainer. Mr. Mill went on to say:

"If negotiations were reopened *on the basis of an admission that we owed them reparation*, and that the object was merely to ascertain the amount, I cannot believe that there would be any considerable difficulty in arriving at a settlement without going beyond the two disputants."

That is Mr. Mill's exposition of Lord Stanley's meaning—immediate, complete, and decisive. It was spoken in Lord Stanley's presence, and whoever knows anything of the usages of the House knows that if he had been misrepresented by Mr. Mill, the correction would have been made on the spot. But there could be no correction. It was what Lord Stanley then meant. He was at that time ready to concede the liability of England for the Alabama claims, and go into a comission to determine only the amount. Mr. Johnson's diplomacy has brought about a withdrawal of that concession, and a reference of the question of original liability to an arbitrator surrounded by English influences. Whether Lord Stanley had ever conceded it or not, the point is one on which the American people long since made up their mind. The first step to a closing of the Alabama quarel is a frank admission by the English Government of their liability for the Alabama damages. That made, the question of amount and proof may be readily submitted to arbitration. Of course, Mr. Johnson does not understand the feeling and determination of the American people on this point any better than he does in the matter of his associations with Roebuck and Laird. How should he? He represents Maryland and the Confederacy.

It would be laughable if it were not pitiable to see the efforts of Mr. Johnson to escape the force of the criticism on his friendships with Laird and Roebuck. He cannot conceive that people at home should think it anything but an honor for their Minister to be admitted into such society. He believes they are dissatisfied because they suspect the sincerity of Mr. Laird, or at most because of some sinister influence upon his negotations. In his speech to the Lord Mayor Mr. Johnson says: "I have been somewhat criticised both here and at home for the manner in which I have met and returned the civilities with which I have been honored (!) but when the critics find that the civilities exhibited toward me, and the return which I have made to them, have not injuriously affected the negotations which have been conducted between your nob'e Secretary for Foreign Affairs and myself, they will be satisfied that the one was as sincerely offered as I know that the other was sincerely reciprocated." In the sham speech sent by Mr. Johnson to *The Times* as an authentic copy"—copy of what?—his statement is even more base. "Those who may in either country have criticised the conduct I have pursued in return for the civilities offered me, would not have done so if they had not forgotten that it was my duty to remove prejudices and enmities!" That is Mr. Reverdy Johnson's sober second thonght, sent to *The Times* two days after he had tasted the Lord Mayor's cup. He was sent here to remove the prejudices of Mr. Laird! I should think even Andrew Johnson would begin to wince when he sees his appointed Minister go down on his knees to that pirate-building enemy of his country.

I do not for a moment imagine that the abject and stupid diplomacy of this mock-minister will be ratified at home. The echo of the Liverpool dinner—which Mr. Gladstone, with his usual maladroitness in American topics anticipated—has come back to us. It is such advice as reaches even Mr. Reverdy Johnson's ears, and, dull as he is, he feels that there is indignation enough to endanger the success of his negotiations. The sound common sense of the people perceives that a Minister who has no idea of national honor is incapable of settling a question with which national honor has more to do than dollars and cents. The English may well lavish flatteries on this weak old man. Till he came they had no hope of settling the Alabama business without a humilating admission of their guilt, and their complete responsibility. He steps in to relieve them from the shame, to put them on a level with the nation whom they wronged, and to send both parties on equal terms before an arbitrator who may decide that England is not liable for claims which her Foreign Minister has once admitted. I long to escape from these topics, but I must add one word on the Texas certificate. The New York correspondent of *The Daily News* of London gave some time since a brief but accurate account of the disorganized state of society in Texas, and the danger of residence in such a community. A speculative steamship firm in London, trading to Galveston, finding its passenger traffic falling off, wrote to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, to invoke his good offices. He sent them a certificate, stating that he had but lately been Senator; that as Senator it was his business to know, and he had full opportunity of knowing, the truth about that State. That he had information from sources on which perfect reliance could be placed, and that he *knew* the State to be as orderly, and life and property to be *as safe there as anywhere in the Union! The Daily News* very properly indorsed the opinion of its correspondent, and has from day to day fortified it by publishing a mass of testimony which must be conclusive even to an English mind. But Mr. Johnson neither retracts nor qualifies his wholesale approval of the Texas murders. Whether he is interested in the steamship firm to whom he lends his name and the shield of his ministerial office, I cannot say. But his certificate—the certificate of the American Minister—is printed in half the papers of England, and makes part of the steamship advertisement of these Texan adventurers. Who will be responsible morally for the robbery and murder of the emigrants who, on the faith of such assurances, make their way into that jungle of wild beasts called Texas? Mr. Reverdy Johnson first, no doubt, and next to him the Government that permits him still to bear the name of American Minister.—*George W. Smalley—N. Y. Tribune.*

WHAT THE SOUTH NEEDS.

ADDRESS BY COL. BAYLOR, OF GEORGIA.

Delivered before the American Missionary Association.

President Kirk then introduced Col. Baylor of Georgia, who stated that his object was not to earn the applause of his hearers, but to gain for the truth a recognition and support. He came not to say that the South needed fine buildings and extensive factories, so much as the principle that made us what we are—the principle that labor is honorable. The American missionary society is doing a good work at the South, in establishing schools and stated religious instruction there; but it should accomplish more. The need of the people, white and black, of that section, is the establishment of a system of dignified, self-sustaining labor. The old feudalism in the land should be broken up and rooted out, and the large plantations should be partitioned into forty-acre farms and given to the freedmen, to own and to till. In the centre of each community of farmers, let the New England church and schoolhouse be planted. Tell the freedmen they are to decide a great issue—that of the decadence or permanency of voluntary labor as an element of society: place before them motives for labor; tell them to work, and that they are free and can vote and own estates and be freeholders—and we shall see whether or not free labor can be maintained in a tropical climate. Let the enterprise be carried on as a New England enterprise; let Yankees inaugurate it. Plant New England in the South—Massachusetts in Georgia—and make that State the Massachusetts of the gulf. "The blacks at the South," said Col. Baylor, "know that I am their friend. I will vote side by side with them; and there is one black man in my district who ought to be a representative in Congress, who will be chosen to that office, and who will have my vote."

Some say the blacks are not capable of civilization. It is untrue. The blacks know all about the qualities of the land at the South. They need no instruction in the science of agriculture; they know it better than you can teach them. They are intelligent and have a thirst for knowledge that is wonderful. They have great local attachments, and a love for home, which is the foundation of everything beautiful. The whites there, too, need schools and churches, especially in the northern counties of Georgia, where the sons and the daughters of slain Union men—conscripts in Davis's armies—are destitute and ignorant. A young ladies' school is needed there—something like that "House of the Angels," the Mt. Holyoke seminary at South Hadley. Georgia is the best field for the New Englander at the South. Concentrate on that. Go down in numbers to sweep it clean. Let those who despise New England see its power. It is the old issue over again. As this nation tried to save the Union and slavery too, so the effort since the war has been not enough in the direction of the black man's citizenship; and as God compelled us to give the slaves freedom or lose the Union, so now. He brings us to say whether we will give the black, to the fullest extent, the right of citizenship, and by his voice and vote conquer the unsubdued rebels, or let him remain the serf that he now is, and in consequence succumb and be denationalized. "There is a granite rock near Atlanta," said the speaker "and I have in years gone by wondered why God placed it there. Let there be a New England community planted around it, and a school-house upon it, and call it Plymouth Rock!"

THE LAW OF RECONSTRUCTION.

From the Philadelphia Press.

DURING the very white heat of rebellion—in the perilous hours of 1862—a gentleman of Philadelphia, Sydney George Fisher, published a thoughtful and learned work, entitled "The Trial of the Constitution," which the whirl of events and the excitement of revolution have driven too soon to the shelves of law libraries and the collections of scholars. As a study of American constitutional law it commands a flattering eminence—Story being, like Blackstone, little better than an apologist for an existing order of things. Impartial, grave, and dispassionate, the author handles the Constitution, bending under the crucial test of civil war, as a judge and not as an advocate. He approaches us not merely to defend the past but to establish the future.

Viewed in the clear light of the opened years, the argument of this work seems often to have been prophetic, and was so because philosophic. Written only to examine the Constitution under the strain of war, its reasoning, almost strangely, evolves with power and clearness the law of reconstruction. Nor need we wonder long at this seeming anomaly, understanding that the Constition, if anything at all, must be organic law.

Let us for a moment follow the outlines of the author's clear reasoning, and deduce from his careful conclusions the lesson for to-day. The original scope of this work evidently was to bring out in clear light the failure of our written Constitution, and to prove that its weak point in this hour was the Fifth or Amendment article.

A constitution is the organic life of a nation, answering to the constitution of the physical man. In its pure and best and first form it is unwritten. It exists before it can be described. You cannot curb it by any instrument of writing. It is something greater than a deed, or article, or bond, or anything that comes out of an attorney's office.

A written constitution is the evidence of the life-power of the nation, and it cannot long remain unaltered unless the nation is a corpse. It defines the faith and belief of the people, but it is not an article of faith or belief itself. It is only the evidence of something; not the thing itself. That fetish regard for or worship of the letter and text of the Constitution which some men honestly feel, and of which Andrew Johnson is a conspicuous representative, comes from ignorance. It is not fealty, but slavery—the slavery of hopeless stupidity.

The Constitution of the United States is not the mere letter-press of the paper which passes under that dignified name, but the historical life of the nation changing imperceptibly, and so safely, from day to day. Its great defect is that as yet we have no legal and universally understood and accepted machinery for the registry of this change. The amendment article, which should perform this work is simply dangerous—a device which shuts off the escape of the national steam and forces an explosion.

A moment's reflection will satisfy any one that the paper constitution of 1787 is but a small part of the actual Constitution of the country. The appointing power and the power of removal; the precedents established by the Louisiana purchase; the system of casting the electoral vote—not according to the judgment of the electors, but at the will of irresponsible bodies unknown to the Constitution or the law—nominating conventions; the caucus system, all now recognized rules of governmental action, are things existing outside of the written Constitution. Yet, in spite of all this, they are confessedly parts of it—amendments made to it by a natural outgrowth of historical life.

The national life reveals itself in the will of the people, and the only legitimate exponent of that will, from day to day and year to year under a republican form of government, is the National Legislature. That must be ultimately the supreme power. Supreme power—the ultimate sovereignty of the people—must be lodged somewhere to meet a supreme need. The nearer it is lodged to the people, the more directly and easily it can be moulded and directed by them, the safer it is; not the better, perhaps, according to your or my idea of things, but the safer for the general well-being. That lodgment in a republic must be the Legislature.

Now for the question of Union in this Republic. Whatever it may have been thought to be under the text of the old Constitution, so far as it could be written in 1787, we know what it is now. The people have declared by war what it is, and that it is indissoluble. Mr. Buchanan hesitated to believe that he as the National Executive had the power to preserve it at all hazards, and at all cost. Learned lawyers shook their wigs and confirmed his doubts. According to them and their poor written law, the country lay in the coffin of its Constitution. The people, however, amended the old text of 1787 by a war. The wording of that amendment is the magnificent sentence of Jackson: "The Union, it *must* be preserved." At all risk, at any expense, by any expedient, Union must be had; the life of the nation must be held sacred. That now is the duty, the paramount obligation of the Government, overshadowing and leading all other duties or obligations, and the Government, bear in mind, must be, by force of natural laws, the Legislature.

The preservation of the majority, or of the "body of the nation;" its progress in civilization and power, in perfection and happiness, in all good, worthy, and noble things, is the supreme end of our Government, to be gained *by any means. To attain this end, to preserve the whole, to make union a possibility, we have the right to cut off a diseased, vicious, incompetent, decaying, or dead member*—the same right which a man possesses to amputate his limb. The majority of the people, and of the States, must decide on such a necessity. The majority must rule; "otherwise," says Vattel, "it would be impossible for society ever to take any resolution." There is no escape from that law.

And herein lies the whole law of reconstruction. *We may expel a State.* To save the Union we may cast out of it, as Lucifer was from the gates of heaven, a fallen State. To keep the whole, we may, if needs be, destroy a part. A nation has a right to do everything essential to its safety and well-being. This nation has a right to a Union consistent with its security, liberty, and progress in civilization. Some States may become unfit for equal union with the others, or unsafe companions, and when we, the majority of the States and the majority of the people, in Congress assembled, come to that conclusion, we have the right and the power, under the great law of self-preservation, reasserted and reconfirmed in the blaze and sacrifice of a tremendous civil war, to cast them from us, and thus save ourselves.

Let us take examples: Delaware is a State claiming fellowship and communion and equal share in the General Government with Pennsylvania or Massachusetts or Ohio. She is a State of mediæval ideas and barbarous practices. She has the pillory and the stocks and the whipping-post, where we have asylums and houses of reformation. She has no common schools. We have a highly-refined and thorough system of State education. She has the customs and ideas and impulses of an age of slavery; we of freedom. We are unequally yoked. Were she a powerful commonwealth, or were there many more like her, union with them would be danger—yea, death to us. Fortunately she is but a county in size and political power outside of the Senate, and the question of our safely and duty does not arise.

Take, again, Utah, and suppose it were a State. It is not one of us, but a despotic theocracy—in dissonance with and antagonism to every principle of our life. Association with it would not be safe save under the accident of our overwhelming balance of power.

Take any State which is in civilization, in general progress and education, a hundred years behind us, or which in temper and spirit persistently and maliciously refuses to act in good faith for the promotion of the common welfare of all the States, have we not the right to cut it off?

Now, singularly enough, this is just what, in a blind and unconscious way, we have done. The Southern States rebelled against the General Government. The rebellion was suppressed, but no general penitence followed on the part of these States. We did not know what to do. Without written law or precedent to fall back on, driven by the stress of circumstances, we did exactly what under the law of Nature was right, and the proper remedy. Without exactly calling it by that name, we expelled the dangerous States; and the same power that put them out can keep them out, and ought to, until they can come in with perfect and entire safety to all.

We need be in no hurry about their readmission. There is no call for it. Their being out is no irregularity. We are not smoothing over something wrong or doubtful. In suspending them from fellowship with the loyal sisterhood, we have but done our duty, and have done it according to law, not merely the poor type and text of the case-hunter and petty attorney, but that grandest, surest, highest law—the very reason of things—*ratio anima legis*—"that reason which," saith old Coke, "is the soul of the law."

This is the whole law of reconstruction worked out by the instinct and will of a free people—free because of their integrity, bravery, and devotion to the idea of law.

SLAVERY STILL AN ISSUE.

I COULD never place myself on the same point of view, moral or political, with those who thought negro slavery other than a misfortune and a sin. It has always seemed to me, in the words of our great magistrate and martyr, that if slavery be not wrong, nothing is wrong. It is also very hard for me to understand how any American can wish to degrade this majestic Union, this Government of the People by the People, this political scheme of man acting directly upon man, of Law dealing directly with responsible creatures, into something called a Confederacy; into a league of corporations; into a system which proved fatal to the only great Republic which has preceded our own in modern times—that of the United Netherlands; a system which for a time seemed to strike the American people, emerging victorious from its struggle with the British Government, with paralysis, out of which our fathers in '89 rescued us by the glorious National Constitution; the system which Jefferson Davis and his followers had the madness to think stronger than the American Union, because the spirit of negro slavery had breathed into it the breath of immortal life. Yet this is really the question still at issue. Some of us thought it settled by the great four years' agony. But when we thought the subtle and dangerous theory forever destroyed, behold it coiled itself, wounded but not killed, and rearing its threatening and venomous head, prepared for a final and fatal spring. Let us deal with it once for all. Let the heel of popular condemnation be set on it now and forever. We are a nation. We are not a Confederacy. This government, which protects and which controls the humblest as well as the most powerful among us, the seat of whose august empire is at Washington, deals with every individual of us directly within its carefully limited sphere. It makes supreme laws which no man dares defy, and there is nothing but chaos whenever we attempt to escape from its all-embracing folds.—*Hon. J. Lothrop Motley.*

THE latest reports from San Domingo represent the Island in a more settled condition.

THE LATE THADDEUS STEVENS.

A TRIBUTE FROM A DEMOCRATIC ORGAN.

From the Washington Intelligencer, November 16th.

MR. THADDEUS STEVENS, in his private relations with men, illustrated to a very large extent, the nobility of human character. Had he acted upon ideas which constitute the practice of most men now-a-days, he would at the date of his disease have been almost a modern Crœsus. When Baron Rothschild heard that the fortune of a diseased rival amounted to only fifty millions, he expressed surprise, saying he thought he was in easy circumstances. Regarded in this light, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens was a very poor man, for his fortune was less than a quarter of a million dollars. He owed nobody at the date of his disease, and he had in the bank of Lancaster, as we are informed by Mr. Boughter, his personal friend, about twenty thousand dollars. He had little or nothing in public securities. His plain and simple mansion at Lancaster cannot be valued at above a half a dozen thousand dollars The sum and substance of his means were in his furnace at Gettysburg. Though it in former days, as he was accustomed to say, was an absorbant of his income professionally: yet in latter ones it has been profitable, the ore bed being superior, and the method of blasting being by charcoal. Hence the Confederate force did him much damage by its raid, not so much in the value of what was actually destroyed as in the destruction of work at the furnace at a period of great demand for superior sorts of iron for machine purposes. A few thousand dollars probably covered the actual losses in property inflicted by the rebel raid in question.

In the last part of Mr. Stevens' life he remarked that he would take $150,000 for his Gettysburg property, but Dr. Noble Young, of this city, (his physician), who is familiar with it and the locality, estimates its prospective value, in good hands, at double that figure. The works were carried on in Mr. Stevens' name, and, of course, they did not make the returns that they would had he been a practical ironmaster.

Mr. Stevens' library is very large and varied in its character. It is worth several thousand dollars. He was, we learn, thoroughly read in the old stamp of works in history and literature, and also in the modern ones of superior character. He received while in Congress, great numbers of newspapers of both sides in politics, most of which he read as it respects their editorials.

In the latter-day public career of Mr. Stevens, his labors were immense, and as his physical powers were declining, he was obliged to be exceedingly circumspect in respect to his habits and efforts. He was through life a temperance man in the strict sense of the term, indulging only in a glass of wine or other drink as a form of hospitality or courtesy upon the occasion of the visit of old and valued friends, or possibly of some superior political functionary. He therefore received with undisguised dislike the prescription some three years before his death, of the use of stimulants. He was abstemious as to diet, eating but two meals a day, and retiring very early and rising late. He held that much sleeping or lying in bed, even if not sleeping, was a great natural restorer of exhausted nature.

Breakfasting at eight o'clock, Mr. Stevens would at once proceed to dispose of his mail, which was, of course, very large. Most letters he would throw into the waste-basket upon sight of the names of the writers. When once questioned as to the propriety of so doing, he answered that he knew the contents by the names. It was Talleyrand who said that "most letters answered themselves." The few letters that Mr. Stevens wrote were comprised in half a dozen lines. The most important took but a letter page, excluding party or political ones, which were also brief for documents of that stamp. Until the last moments of his life, he but little utilized the labors of others in carrying on his correspondence.

There is a class of public men who affect the necessity of entire privacy when engaged in the discharge of their duties. It was not so with Mr. Stevens. He had capacity enough to go on with important matter in hand, and yet see persons of high and low degree and of all shades in politics. At the most laborious moments he would say that he would see the caller for a limited time named, yet always a sufficient one for any material purpose.

He had not the time, disposition, nor health to allow of his enjoying the hospitalities usual to the circle of exalted public officers of the capital. He did not entertain. On New Year's or Christmas day, when large numbers paid their respects in person, he exchanged the compliments of the season in a glass of wine.

Mr. Stevens was opposed to the receipt of the most common presents, such as canes, etc., in compliment of public service. As to what was of a weightier character, his escutcheon is without stain. On a certain occasion a sealed package came to him which he suspected contained money as a reward for some public service. While engaged for a moment in another apartment, the package was opened incautiously by an attendant. It contained a great number of one thousand dollar bills. Mr. Stevens, in causing a resealing of the package and its immediate return to the source from whence it came, expressed great regret that it should have been opened, because he intended to return it intact, suspecting the contents, yet not wishing to know for a certainty of what in its presentation he felt to be a wound. Another package of $5000 was returned with stinging retort. That he had very many like offers in money and stocks is likely, and that they were habitually refused is sure, since that his estate is of the most moderate value.

That Thaddeus Stevens was not half a millionaire, at least, from his professional and business returns, is accounted for by his acts of liberality to persons in need.

Referring to his kindness as a public official, and his indisposition to receive even the most common presents, it should be stated that he regretted that the ladies of the Treasury Department should have employed their little means in making a present to him of a gold-headed cane. His letter in reply to the donors is suspected to be of a most interesting character. The cane was put upon his window-sill by a colored boy, who immediately disappeared. The same sentiments were expressed by him on the occasion of leaving upon his table a gold snuff-box, a present from citizens of Colorado, in compliment of some service he had rendered that territory. The silly inscription upon it was: "When old Thad. takes a pinch of snuff, Colorado will sneeze."

We learn that Mr. Stevens left quite a large amount of papers of one kind or another for the uses of his biographer, Hon. Edward McPherson. In addition to the text which will constitute the volume or volumes that Hon. Mr. McPherson will present to the country, let us hope that he will embellish it with the multitude of sallies of wit and humor that characterized the conversation of Mr. Stevens on all occasions of his remarkable life.

In an age of degeneracy that is precocious beyond any afforded by the example of history, and which moves to the destruction of our nation as swift as a bullet's course, if not averted by the Providence of God above, Thaddeus Stevens stood up in the halls of a Congress festering with corruption, an incorrupt man.

ROUSSEAU.

WE are pleased to notice that Gen. Rosseau is giving some splendid parties in New Orleans, and that the wit, the beauty, and the youth of that gay metropolis find no receptions more pleasant than those of the General commanding. Without wishing to interrupt these festivities, we beg to suggest to Gen. Rousseau that it would be wise for him to give some attention to the Red River country. *The Iliad* newspaper office was recently destroyed, and now we hear of the second demolition of the office of *The Rapides Tribune*, published in Alexandria. Here is the narrative:

"The office was attacked by a mob a month ago, and the presses and types were thrown into the street; but Mr. McLean was subsequently enabled to restore his material. Something, however, in the next number of

The Tribune was distasteful to the Ku-Klux Democrats of Alexandria, and they attacked the office, on the 15th inst., and destroyed it. They assaulted Mr. McLean with pistols and brickbats, but he escaped with slight bruises, and has taken refuge in New Orleans."

If Phil Sheridan were commanding in New Orleans, we fancy there would be fewer riots in New Orleans and more protection in Rapides. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE WHIPPING-POST.

SCENES OF THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN DELAWARE—OLD MEN AND BOYS PUBLICLY WHIPPED.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* writes to that paper a long and graphic description of the public whipping of seven persons at New Castle, Del., on Saturday last. From this account we make the following extracts: This is Saint Pillory's day in New Castle County, and it is being celebrated with appropriate rites. Saint Pillory takes the place here of the goddess of Justice. He is not blindfolded, and he holds no nicely-balanced scales in his hand. He wields a scourge, and his eyes are wide open. All devout Delawareans believe in him, swear by him, and rely on him as their protector and defender. Twice a year in each of the three county towns in the State, Delaware law directs orgies to be held in his honor, and selects victims whose blood is to be shed as an offering to him. I will tell you of his shrine and describe the sacrifice. There were seven persons whipped here to-day, and the ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious old relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten everywhere else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this there is a cross-piece, which contains, in each of its arms, a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victims and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooden wedge-shaped key, shot into the centre post. The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half way down its length. It is black with age, covered with patches of green mould and moss, and shrunken and split until the grain of the wood protrudes in ridges. It is as worm-eaten and decayed as the villainous code which sustains it; its unsightly, disgusting presence is a worthy type of the conservatism which makes these people laggard in the march of humanity and progress. There are three of these pillories in the State: in New Castle, Georgetown and Dover. They stretch along down the Peninsula like tide-posts, marking the shoal-waters of barbarism amid the weltering, fathomless sea of surrounding civilization.

THE VICTIMS.

The ponderous gates of the jail-yard swung open this morning at 10 o'clock precisely, and admitted a crowd of men and children. By actual count there were 125 little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age. This was the saddest sight of all. Upon the walls were Sheriff's proclamations headed with these words: "God save the State!"—an excellent and most judicious prayer. The State needs God's salvation more than any other in the Union that I know of. The entertainment began by the introduction of William Jones to the audience. Mr. Jones had stolen store goods worth $38, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money; stand in the pillory for one hour; be whipped with twenty lashes; be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release. The first thing in order was the pillory. William ascended the long ladder, rather sadly, and the jailor, having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them, and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing north-east wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river, and compelled the spectators to blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. Jones had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands. The jagged edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin; and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jawbone, and give him exquisite torture.

"Jailor, isn't that pretty severe?"

"Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position and then his fingers and face get numb, you see."

A few years ago, the crowd used to hoot at the pillory-hugged man, and pelt him with mud and filth. When the fathers of these children were boys, they saved up all the cats that died, and the eggs which were spoiled in the town, for the purpose of "vindicating the outraged majesty of the law" upon criminals who stood in this very pillory; and the poor wretches were often disfigured for life in one hour. It is a triumph for decency that this infamous custom has been abolished. The boys now only dispute the question of the discomfort or comfort of the sufferer. While Jones stood in durance to-day the jailor busied himself preparing for the flogging. This is done beneath the platform of the pillory. The prisoner stands close to the post, and has his arms handcuffed above his head. The jailor experimented upon the eager boys with the handcuffs, in order to ascertain if the victims could slip their hands through them readily. The manacles were too high, so an empty soap-box was placed at the foot of the post for the prisoners to stand on. By this time the man in the pillory began to show symptoms of faintness. The jailor, a tender-hearted fellow—merciful even in executing merciless laws—ascended the ladder, and began to comfort the poor wretch, whose hands were livid with cold and whose face was purple. At the first stroke of the clock in the church steeple, the jailor quickly lifted the bar, helped the man down the ladder, and supported him while he staggered to his cell.

He had a lashing to bear yet.

THE WHIPPING.

The Sheriff came out with the "cat" in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them until their edges are as sharp as knives. The Sheriff has just begun his term of office, and this was his first whipping. He looked as if he was ashamed and disgusted.

"I would almost as leave hang a man as this," said he.

The first candidate for the lash was the boy alluded to above, who stole seventy cents worth of pig-iron. The jailor brought him out, fastened him to the post, and removed a rough blanket from his shoulders. He was naked to the waist. The thermometer was at thirty-five degrees.

"Twenty lashes, Sheriff," said the jailor.

The Sheriff swung his "cat" up slowly, and it descended on the bare skin.

"One," said the jailor, "two, three," etc., as the Sheriff tenderly, and with not half his seeming strength, struck twenty blows. The skin was not broken, and the boy, looking very sad, was hurried off. This officer is too human for the law. Other Sheriffs that I know of used to stand off and eye the victim as a Western drover would a fly upon his ox, and then measure the distance so nicely that the ends of the thongs would cut bits of skin from the prisoner's back, and bring the blood forth in crimson streams. That was what law and Chief Justices had calculated upon. Out came the jailor with another boy—a boy of fourteen, who was surrounded by running children gazing curiously upon him. He had twenty lashes, also, and as each blow descended his muscles contracted and he tried to dodge to avoid it.

"Why don't the Sheriff make it 'swish?'"

"He ain't half a doin' it," said another.

"He ought to cut into him," observed another man, who seemed to take it to heart that "the outraged majesty of the law" was not better vindicated. When the boy was released, he assumed an air of bravo, and cracked his heels together to signify that he didn't care for such a flogging. All the little girls clapped their hands and laughed at this.

Mr. William Mulloney was the next star actor in this ugly drama. He wanted drawers, and stole a pair, worth a couple of dollars. His sentence was, restitution money, costs, 20 lashes, six months' imprisonment, and six months of convict's costume. Mr. Mulloney seemed calm, and when the lash fell upon his white shoulders, he only shrugged them, and drew himself up. He went away shivering with cold, and with welts of a finger's thickness on his back.

Then there was a piteous sight. An old man of 70 years, decrepid, feeble and very lame, hobbled out, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He wanted a shirt, Heaven knows badly enough this bitter Winter weather, and he had very wickedly stolen it. He had none on now. The jailer fastened him to the post, and snatched the blanket from his back. His skin was yellow and wrinkled, and it had scars upon it. The lash s fell, and the old man's whole frame was convuls d with agony. He writhed under each blow as if it was unendurable, and at last he put his head down and cried like a child. Most of the spectators were affected. I would like to have had the unjust judges and the Delaware law-makers look that poor, broken-down old wretch in the face then. I think they were the great criminals, not he.

The jailer whispered in his ear very hurriedly—"It wasn't so very bad, George was it?" and then helped him to limp away to his six months' home.

The next was a fobbish worshipper at St. Pillory's shrine. He wore fashionable trousers, tucked into aristocratic top-boots of patent leather. But the upper portion of his fine figure was *en dishabille*. Charles Wheatley was his name, and the annexation of those identical patent-leather boots, his crime. He wore a forced smile upon his face, and tried to assume a satisfied air; but when the "cat" furrowed his back into ugly crimson ridges, he squirmed and twisted as if he did not enjoy it hugely. He danced off with affected gaiety, and the boys and girls rewarded him with cheers and laughter.

There was no cheerfulness about the next man. He had stolen a carpet-bag in the cars at Wilmington, and had been sentenced as severely as the rest. He looked sick and very sad. A plaster was stretched across his bare chest, and he walked with feeble and hesitating step. The jailor said he was very ill. He stood up to the post with his teeth clenched, and his breath coming hard; and as the Sheriff scored his back into swelling cords, he shuddered, as if suffering excruciating pain and overwhelming disgrace.

The last actor in this hideous tragedy was the man who stood in the pillory for an hour. He seemed hardly recovered from his first torture, and his face indicated keen suffering. He walked to the post with an air of melancholy resignation, placed his blue hands through the manacles, and received his punishment without any utterance but a suppressed moan. As he passed through the grated door of the prison, the crowd began slowly to disperse, and to discuss as they went the excellence of the system, the behavior of the sufferers and the lenity of the Sheriff. It was only in 1855 that some ray of civilization,—some glimmer of decency shone in upon the dull brains of the Legislators, and woman-whipping was abolished. We can thank God and take hope from that forward stride. But they flog little children yet.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PRINCIPLES.

WE are the more especially glad to notice the general demand for a Constitutional Amendment, because it is emphatically necessary now to settle principles. This should be the first of a series of similar provisions. We need a fresh statement of the principles that underlie our Government. If the Republican Government outrides the storms of the coming half-century, it will be because now, at the outset, we understand each other and agree on the radical elements, that make Republics. We need a clear, square, unequivocal statement of the true relation between men and laws, between capital and labor, and a full repudiation of any legal recognition of race.

Some men imagine that because the negro question approaches its solution, we shall never meet again, in our politics, the angry element of race. But our children are destined, we think, to stand face to face with another similar problem almost as bitter and unmanageable as slavery has been.

Underlying chattel slavery was always a problem touching the true relation of Labor and Capital. Race-hatred aggravated the difficulties of this. At the present moment, on the other side of the Continent, may be seen a cloud hardly bigger than a man's hand, but destined to overshadow the whole land. It is the importation of Chinese Labor. Every year doubles the number of the immigrants. Every year you may trace stealing into the codes of those distant States, regulations of labor, and rules for laborers which foreshadow a system of peonage. Bills are now before Congress which set up "overseers" and provide for a large share of compulsion to be exercised over immigrants, of course under fair names and in well sounding clauses. It is slavery in the "gristle not yet hardened into the bone" of a compact system. Unless great vigilance is used, the next generation will find itself in another *race and labor* revolution.

The peril is much closer and larger than most men anticipate. Look at it. Fifty thousand Irishmen, the surplus of the seven million population of a small Island, rule New York city. Flung upon our shores ignorant and poor, they are made so much the tools of a few knaves as to render Republican Government in that city a failure. If the surplus of seven million has done that, what will the surplus of the four hundred million of China effect? Ignorant, degraded, weakened by utter poverty, with no sympathy for our Institutions, they are a new element of danger. We need carefully to watch all the legislation respecting them. We need constantly to impress on the Nation the lesson this rebellion has taught us—that the Republic is safe so long as it forgets *race* and remembers only *manhood*. The moment our laws take note of Negro, Indian, Chinese, Irishman, and forget the *man* hid behind each, that moment they plant the seeds of discord and weakness. England, in Canada, sees in the Indian only a *man* and a *citizen*; if he is injured, he appeals to a jury; when he offends he is arrested by a sheriff. What is the result? Never, for a century has there been an Indian outbreak—no Indian, as such, costs the Government a penny; and an Englishman can ride unattended due west from Montreal to the Pacific. We shut the Indian out from our civil life; never forget that he is an alien; if he is injured he appeals to a Colonel; when he offends we follow him with a regiment. What is the result? Every ten miles from Massachusetts Bay to Omaha is marked by an Indian massacre; it has cost us a thousand million of dollars to deal with a few thousand Indians; and to-day it costs one million and a half of dollars to kill an Indian; meanwhile no white man is safe on the prairies. Examine the two pictures, the English and our own; one is Statesmanship—ours, is bald folly.

What is thus true of the Indian is true of all races. Forget the *race*, remember only the *man*. Let our Constitution ignore these superficial distinctions. Oblige every State to educate every soul God entrusts to its keeping. Secure the observance of this duty by giving every person the ballot; so that every community shall hasten to educate in order to avoid an ignorant ballot, the tool of knaves. Initiate such a land policy as shall give nine men out of ten a homestead. Make suffrage universal, impartial, and homogeneous throughout the Nation; put the credit of the Nation at such a height that it can borrow at four per cent.; make capital pay the debt; hasten the day when CO-OPERATION shall make every Capitalist a laborer and every laborer a Capitalist. Trust none of these cardinal principles to the States, or to mere Congressional Legislation. Anchor them all in the National Constitution.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

PENNSYLVANIA ANIVERSARIES.

WE remind the readers of THE STANDARD that the Annual Meeting of the Pensylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and the Festival of The Friends of Freedom, will be held in Philadelphia on Thursday next. The Executive Committee of the one, and the Managers of the other, earnestly call upon all true friends of freedom, in eastern Pennsylvania, to see that they are truly and largely represented on these occasions. For your own personal edification and enjoyment; for the strength and inspiration which you may impart to your coadjutors; for the work which the hour demands at our hands, we say, COME, and let us take counsel together! The indifference with which the officers of our government regard the terrible tragedies daily enacted in the South; the apathy of the masses in the North over the fearful peril and suffering of the colored people struggling up from slavery, and at every step violently resisted by their late masters, rebels still; the comparative silence of the pulpit, which in such an hour should be trumpet-tongued throughout the land, call loudly and solemnly upon every man and woman consecrated on the Anti-Slavery Altar, to come to the help of these persecuted and outraged ones to whom the Nation, in its hour of agony, promised FREEDOM.

Our work, to-day, friends, is to urge the Nation to the fulfilment of this promise, in its letter and its spirit. We must demand this without ceasing, without compromise, until it shall be done, and the long oppressed American slave be acknowledged an American freeman and citizen.

Let no slight hindrance detain you, friends, from your Anniversary Meeting and Festival; and in deciding what shall be the amount of your contribution to the cause, remember the importance of the claim, and the deep poverty, the perilous situation, of those in whose behalf it is made.

MARY GREW.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE reprint from *The Tribune* an interesting letter from Miss KATE FIELD, giving an account of the Woman's Rights Convention held recently in Boston.

It will be welcome intelligence to the colored people and white loyalists of the South, if not to the Ku-Klux, that Gen. Grant, gives it as an official opinion that troops are still needed at the South.

We print on our first page an account of the Whipping Post, as it still exists as a reformatory (?) agency in the Border State of Delaware. Are there not a few spare missionaries who can be sent to Delaware to dispel its semi-barbarism?

On Monday next the Fortieth Congress will reassemble for its last session. Let all who have petitions for impartial suffrage and equal political rights in readiness, send them forward at once to trustworthy, Radical members. Where such petitions have not been circulated they should be at once taken in hand, and with the largest possible number of names, be promptly forwarded to Washington.

We are looking forward with great interest to our "Pennsylvania Festival" and the Anti-Slavery Meetings in Philadelphia next week as announced.

We hope for a full attendance, not only of our New York and Philadelphia friends, but of our old coadjutors from New England—Boston and elsewhere. We regret, however, to learn that ill-health may prevent the attendance of our friend, the Rev. J. T. SARGENT. We know at any rate that his heart-felt sympathies are with us, and we trust we may have his presence, at least, if not his voice.

Much has been said and written in favor of the production of cheap wine in this country as a means of preventing drunkenness. The argument has been that such wine would not lead to intoxication, while its free use would supplant the taste for stronger and more destructive liquors. We have little faith in the efficacy of such an agency for the promotion of the temperance reform. There have been very contradictory statements in regard to the condition of those habitual cheap wine drinkers in the wine producing districts abroad. Travelers in the same localities appear to see things through the medium of a very dissimilar light. Dr. Holland, of the *Springfield Republican*, who is traveling in Switzerland, has taken notes upon this subject, and in a recent letter from Lausanne, after speaking of the vintage and its scenes, says:

"There is no question that the people would be better, healthier, happier, and much more prosperous, if there were not a vineyard in the Canton. We have all been told in America, and I fully believed it, that, if a people could be supplied with a cheap wine, they would not get drunk—that the natural desire for some sort of stimulant would be gratified in a way that would be not only harmless to morals, but conducive to health. I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap, white wine here to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafés here it would be hard to find in any American city. The grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and Swiss city is found in the fact that the man who has wine in him is good-natured, and the man who is equally charged with whisky is a demon. There is no murdering, no fighting, no wrangling. The excitement is worked off in singing, shouting and all sorts of insane jabber."

The consequences of wine drunkenness, seem to be less serious than those produced by whiskey, just as it is considered that adulterated whiskey makes a drunken man more demoniac than pure spirits. Dr. Holland goes on thus:—

"So this question is settled in my mind. Cheap wine is not the cure of intemperance. The people here are just as intemperate as they are in America, and, what is more, there is no public sentiment that checks intemperance in the least. The wine is fed freely to children, and by all classes is regarded as a perfectly legitimate drink. Failing to find the solution of the temperance question in the Maine law, failing to perceive it in the various modes and movements of reform, I, with many others, have looked with hope to find it in a cheap and comparatively harmless wine; but for one, I can look in this direction hopefully no longer. I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out whiskey, and that the advantages of the wine over the whiskey are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland—those who have the highest good of the people at heart—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness. They lament the planting of a new vineyard as we, at home, regret the opening of a new grog shop."

A letter from our Washington Correspondent, received too late for insertion, and a variety of other interesting matter will appear next week.

PERSONAL.

Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculpturer at Rome, has received an order from Prince George of Prussia, for a statue of Clio.

It is said that Mr. Tennyson has another and longer poem in hand, and that it may be expected to appear by the end of the year.

The Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn is to deliver a course of monthly Sunday Evening lectures at his Church on Social and Religious topics. The first lecture, Sunday evening, December 6th, will be on "The Right Use of Sunday."

There are reports of Dr. Livingstone being within a week's journey of Zanzibar. This is where Sir Roderick Murchison expected that he would appear. It is earnestly to be hoped that the news may be confirmed. If so, he will propably bring with him satisfactory information as to the true water-shed of South Africa.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, it is announced, has been forbidden by vote of his church to baptise a child when neither of the parents are members. He has publicly stated that "he would conform to the instruction, although he did not believe in the propriety of it, and outside of the church he would administer the baptism to any child, one of whose parents were a Christian."

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, in a private letter, dated West Newton, Nov. 25th, referring to the late Woman's Rights Convention in Boston, says:

"We had a thoroughly successful Convention, in audience, speakers, enthusiasm and action; and have now a finely officered Association. The Executive Committee intend to canvass Massachusetts thoroughly this winter."

The estate of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, in Concord, Massachusetts, is offered for sale. Mrs. H. is off for Europe again, where Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the only son of the novelist, is expected to pursue his studies. Mrs. Hawthorne has edited the journal of her husband, which will be soon published. She is the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the latter of whom has just returned from a tour in Europe.

The Boston Commonwealth of Nov. 28th, says:

"Wendell Phillips repeated his lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' at the Indiana Place Chapel, Saturday evening. This lecture was first given by Mr. Phillips thirty-two years ago, in the old Odeon, at the foot of Franklin street, before the 'Boston Lyceum,' of which George Bancroft was president. Since that time it has been repeated on many occasions and in many sections of the country—losing nothing of its freshness and interest by the repetition. The chapel was crowded to overflowing by a sympathetic audience."

One of the most beautiful tributes to the memory of Madame Victor Hugo is from the pen of George Sand, who says that, despite the numerous calamities and disappointments which fell to her share during her wedded life, she was one of the happiest women she ever knew. And she adds that, but for the influence which this sweet-tempered, yet spirited and talented little woman exercised on Victor Hugo, he would have never reached the exalted place which he now occupies in French literature. George Sand says that Victor Hugo's literary nature is too sensitive. Rebuffs and obstacles, which every author has to encounter, often disgust him so that, in a paroxysm of despair and indignation, he resolves never to write another line in a certain style; and whenever he did so he was dissuaded by the low, sweet voice that whispered into his ear, "Persevere!"

Abby Kelly Foster, who has so far improved in health as to be able to attend the recent New England Woman's Rights Convention, in Boston, and to bear her testimony therein in favor of justice and impartial freedom for all the disfranchised, writes in a private letter, accompanying remittances of new subscribers for THE STANDARD, dated Worcester, Mass., November 26th, as follows:

"Of course you saw by the reports that the recent Suffrage Convention in Boston was a most signal success. I am thankful, while the negro is 'left out in the cold,' he is impressible. Many in that Convention who did'nt care a straw for him—who hardly knew of him, had their memories jogged, and I doubt not, in many cases, their sympathies, for the first time, awakened for him.

"We must work with unwonted earnestness this season, so that, if it be possible, we may secure the ballot to him throughout the country, not only by Constitutional Amendment but by protection to him in casting it. F. W. Bird well said in the Convention, 'The ballot in the hand of the negro is now a mere mockery.' Why not every old anti-slavery worker put his hand anew to this effort for sealing the negro's claims to entire equality, before the close of the current anti-slavery year? We may finish up this enterprise, if we will right speedily.

"Yours for a last strong effort,

"A. K. FOSTER."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, November 29th, 1868.

THERE is, sometimes, rather amusing reading in some of our religious papers, of which I will give you some specimens that have lately struck my attention.

The *Congregationalist*, a couple of years ago, either originated or joined in a scheme for running down the *Independent*, and establishing another paper as the chief organ of orthodox Congregationalism in this country. Its editor seemed to think that his own paper would be chosen to fill that place, and probably he really believed that he could *keep* the 75,000 subscribers to the *Independent* if, by hook or by crook, he could once get hold of them. Both parts of this ingenious plan failed. The *Independent* was not run down, (except verbally,) and the paper to which some of the complainers transferred themselves was a Chicago, not a Boston paper. All that the poor Boston editor could do was to make depreciatory comments, from time to time, upon two successful competitors instead of one, and to wonder at the want of discernment in the religious public; but his last week's paper shows that underground efforts have ever since been going on against the New York editor, and not until now have the conspirators given up the hope of dispossessing him.

Three Reverend gentlemen set forth, in solemn terms, in last week's *Congregationalist*, the melancholy fact that there is no longer any hope that they, or their set, can have precedence of the editor of the *Independent* in deciding what shall be the contents of that paper. Stating certain details of evidence which have led them, very unwillingly, to that conclusion, they announce that they have discharged their full duty in the matter, and that they disclaim all responsibility for the future policy and contents of the *Independent*. It is noticeable that they, do not disclaim responsibility in regard to the management of the *Evening Post*, or of *Harper's Magazine*. What can be the reason?

The *Congregationalist* stands by its correspondent, Dr. John Todd, in his notions of the peculiar sphere of women, and, naturally enough, gives a criticism on Miss Dickinson's dress, instead of a reply to her facts and arguments, in a brief notice of her lecture.

The editor of *Zion's Herald* in this city is a genial, courteous, pleasant gentleman, good-natured and good-tempered, and preferring truth to falsehood, as far as "the natural man" is concerned; yet, when seated in his editorial chair, or whenever theological matters come in controversy, he seems to feel discharged from the obligation of truth-telling, shows a decided resemblance to that Western man who described himself as "spilling for a fight," and "feeling wolfy about the head and shoulders." His course of bitterness and misrepresentation towards the members of another sect has of late been such, that the editor of its organ in this city, a gentleman in whom grace has coöperated with nature to form a pleasant character, has felt obliged to present some antagonistic truth, partly defensive and partly offensive, without, however, bringing the calumniator to confession, since this sort of *rabies* prompts its subject to hold on as well as to bite. This strange union of opposite characteristics in the same person was brought to my mind by a late article in *Zion's Herald* in regard to the Presidency of Harvard University.

Speaking of three gentlemen who have been mentioned in connection with this office, and who have some points of obvious and eminent fitness for it, the article offsets these merits by the statement that they are Unitarians. This, on the part of the editor of an organ of orthodox propagandism, is so much a matter of course as to occasion no surprise, even though the three criticised persons agree with the critic in thorough detestation of the rebellion, and of slavery. But when he proceeds to name, as suitable and unexceptionable persons for the guidance of young men in Harvard University, two men conspicuous for having favored both the rebellion and slavery, Robert C. Winthrop and Dr. South-side Adams—here we may reasonably feel some astonishment. The theology of those men is not only considered satisfactory in itself, but it is made to counterbalance great and obvious items of unfitness.

Will it be said, on the other hand—the rebellion is ended, and slavery also is ended? I fear that neither assertion is quite true. But if they *were* true; if slavery and rebellion were things absolutely of the past, would this disinfect and purify the men who liked those vices, who did all they could to favor them and who now remain the unrepentant advocates of them? Of the various qualifications that college officers should possess, no one is more important than the disposition and the aptitude to lead their pupils in the direction of improvement; to incite them, by precept and example, to be more noble, more just, more humane. Of all the facts which have tended to open Northern eyes to the hardness of heart and blindness of mind which slavery has engrafted upon the Southern character, no items were more effective than the choice of the more intellectual among those people that Robert E. Lee should be President of one of their colleges, and Pirate Semmes "Professor of Moral Philosophy" in another. In no other manner could they more clearly have repeated their votes in favor of slavery and State sovereignty. In no manner could they express more clearly their purpose to train the next generation in the ideas, desires and purposes which Lee and Semmes, Davis and Stevens, have lived and labored for.

Whatever might be the direct teaching of Semmes, in his chair of Moral Philosophy, no doubt his influence in that station would go to confirm his pupils in the idea that the old dominion of the slaveholders over their bondmen on one side, and over Northern dough-faces on the other, was a normal, legitimate and correct state of things; that all interference with this position by the United States government had been a wrong and an outrage; and that their line of policy should be to keep in mind their natural superiority over negroes and Yankees, and incorporate the recognition of it with all the details of Southern reconstruction, as far as possible.

Pirate Semmes probably does not trouble himself about religion. He probably teaches the doctrines above hinted at merely because they are comfortable doctrines for his class of people in *this* world. But South-side Adams prostitutes religion to the service of slavery, defames the character of God by representing him to have appointed it, brings religious considerations to uphold in this land the *caste* which he condemns in India, teaches, in short, a system of religion which corrupts the moral sense, and makes a man worse, harder, colder, more cruel, and less accessible to the claims of honor and right, the more perfectly he conforms himself to it. And yet the clannish spirit inculcated by that system is so strong that it leads a man of right ideas to consent, and even to propose, that the teacher of these false ideas should superintend the education of our young men.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30th, 1868.

THE legislature of this State will have an important duty to perform at its next session. The term of Senator Charles R. Buckalew will expire on the fourth of March, and his successor will be chosen during the coming winter. As the Republicans will have a clear majority of the legislature on joint ballot, we are in no danger of having a Democrat to succeed the retiring member. But whether the new Senator will be any better practically, than Mr. Buckalew, cannot be averred with actual certainty. A Republican legislature elected Edgar Cowan. We all know what his career was, and how dishonor engraved itself upon his record, and disappointment stung those whose confidence he betrayed. Will the legislature next winter remember the mistake of its predecessor, and will they choose a man worthy of the place, and equal to its requirements? Will we have a man upon whom public sentiment will not instinctively and necessarily fix the label of mediocrity? We have no guarantee against an unworthy choice. Such a low and contemptible jealousy exists among our State politicians, that real merit is frequently, if not usually, sacrificed thereto, and the paltry question of locality oftimes eclipses the essential conditions of fitness, and has superior claims to the weight of excellence and character. Our legislatures, besides, have never been renowned for undoubted honesty, and the influences that are sometimes brought to bear upon the consideration and decision of important matters, are concealed from the public eye, and may shape results that come so unexpectedly as to fill us with surprise. Jealousy, contention, selfishness, local claims, the strife of political cliques, and the yea or nay of Simon Cameron, all enter the contest for the choice of a Republican United States Senator. Simon's will is like a piece of loadstone; all the little particles fly to it with alacrity, and adhere in obedience to the mysterious behest, as though there was no independent individual will but that.

Those who have been named as candidates to succeed Senator Buckalew are Thomas Williams, Jas. K. Moorhead, Andrew G. Curtin, John W. Forney, Galusha A. Grow, and last, least, and not possessing a single qualification to justify the selection, Wm. H. Kemble. I have not one word to utter against Mr. Kemble as a man, and know nothing whatever derogatory to his character, but there are many hundreds of men in our State who are worthy, honorable and respected, but who are wholly unsuitable to be chosen for Senator, and this gentleman is one of them. How it was possible for any one to be so wanting in circumspection and good sense, and really so foolish as to place his name in the list, I am at a loss to understand. We must be charitable enough to believe that he is innocent of any share in committing the strange blunder, and deserves more respect than the thoughtless perpetrators of the act. He was our State Treasurer not long since, and proved himself a very capable and efficient officer, leaving a good name and a praiseworthy record. But that is no indication of the right sort of material to mould into a United States Senator.

You may be surprised, perhaps, that Judge Kelley's name does not appear in the category. He is not widely popular in our State, and never met with large and conspicuous favor at Harrisburg. Besides this, he does not wear the essential Cameron stamp. In the presence of these few facts, his eminent fitness and ability, his power of speech, his national reputation, all pass for nought. They are as so many cyphers, and weigh nothing in the view of certain purblind and prejudiced politicians.

Grow is perhaps as likely as any to be chosen, although Curtin is apparently more popular than he. Forney is an abler man than either, but this will give him no advantage over them. Moorhead and Williams are both highly esteemed, and are popular in the western part of the State. But it is idle to predict upon whom the choice will fall, and useless to hope that the very best man, whoever he may be, will gain the alluring prize.

Our friends are looking forward with deep interest to the meetings shortly to be held in this city and vicinity, with Wendell Phillips as the central figure of action and attraction, and anticipating great pleasure in view of the annual Festival. It is earnestly hoped that these will be the source of a fresh impetus to the cause we seek to promote, and of substantial reinforcement to the funds of THE STANDARD. It is not doubted that the lectures will be largely attended, and yield a satisfactory result. The Festival should be regarded as an opportunity for rare social enjoyment, and every endeavor will be made to give it attractiveness. If any hesitate to join in this occasion of friendly intercourse and pleasant entertainment, lest the price paid will not find its full compensation, let them reflect that fifty cents or one dollar is not a large sum to give in twelve months for the benefit of an important cause; and if they fail to see the wisdom of appropriating the money for the support of THE STANDARD, let them remember that this journal is a valuable and cherished instrumentality for serving and advancing the good work, and that its influence is recognized and acknowledged. It is probable that such sums could be expended in no other way with so much advantage to the objects we wish to achieve. Whatever tends to do good, and exert a beneficent moral influence upon the community, deserves our countenance and support. Whatever aims to establish just laws; to secure equal rights to all classes of citizens; to guarantee the blessings of unfettered liberty and assured protection to a down-trodden race, is well worthy of our heed.

W.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5th, 1868.

A JOURNEY from the shores of Cayuga Lake to this city, whence longitude is reckoned, and other affairs of note to the world emanate, may be a dreary reminiscence of halts and waitings at dismal depots, or prove a graceful and joyous dance of the Hours, as in Guido's picture.

In the chill, early morning of Oct. 27th we left quiet, Quakerly Sherwoods', and stepped from the pretty village street of Aurora upon "the boat" north from Ithaca. We took refuge in the handsome new cushions of the ladies' cabin, drawing in our heads like warmth-loving, sleepy cats, until a feeble-looking man with thought-lined face entered, and was greeted by B—. as Mr. Cornell. He sat down before us, and began to talk of what we wanted to hear—the University.

A few minutes later your genial friend Mr. R—. of the *N. Y. Tribune* joined the group. Fresh from a happy visit to Mr. Cornell and full of sympathy and enthusiasm in his noble plans, he soon launched us into a spirited talk with him on women entering the new University. Mr. Cornell said with a kindly smile, "I wish the two young women who wrote to me had come. I wanted them to, I was in hopes they would. They would not have been rejected. I think I could have got half a dozen ladies of Ithaca to join them, relieving their position of singularity. Tell them to come next fall and we will be ready for them. My Problem is, how can women sustain themselves? And I shall be glad to have your thought and that of other women who have had experience and interest in the subject." We told him how we and hundreds of others had practically succeeded at Oberlin, housekeeping, cooking, laundry work, mending and making, teaching the primary classes, etc. E—. asked if a dozen girls couldn't now support themselves by these means in your halls? "Yes, more," replied Mr. C—. "The young men now wait on table, make beds, and perform all the womanly work they are capable of." Is the narrow prejudice of Trustees always to keep *half of the community* from sharing in the benefits of an institution dowered by the State as well as Mr. Cornell? The faithful, earnest walk and work on the spot of two quiet girls could dispel it all into thin air more quickly than any amount of talk.

Who will be the first to tread out the nettles and emancipate their sisters?

Three hours waiting at Cayuga Bridge never passed pleasanter than ours, listening to the glowing sketches of Prang and other hard-worked men of brain—whom Mr. R—'s sympathetic nature and pursuits have attached to his cordial friendship. It was charming to hear Prang's story told with such strong simple feeling.

He loved Freedom, and was a refugee in her Cause from his native Bavaria, in Boston, where his wife embroidered, and he did what he could to keep the wolf from the door. After many trials, like Bernard Palissy he has wrenched success from a hard lot and become a benefactor both by his character and his genius.

At Geneva we parted with the R.—'s, and took the little steamer up Seneca Lake. The wind kept us out too late for the Baltimore train, which put the happy fortune into our lives of a visit to the wonderful Jefferson Glen at Watkins. At a house in the month of the Glen we found an excellent breakfast and a maiden guide. Mary Eldred loves her Glen as the Swiss do the Alps. Up and on she took us, threading narrow, rocky paths, and dizzy staircases, under moss and fern-clad precipices, where harebells swung in August, behind the daintiest cascades, across pools, that had their still depths inlaid with a bright mosaic of fallen maple and oak leaves. There was no end to the enchanting variety in which the little torrent foamed and whirled, gliding, pouring, resting as water only can, for the whole three miles of continuous rifted rock. The Glen is seven miles long, and we were only stopped because there was no further pathway. One scene was exquisite. A jutting brow let fall from a vast height a series of tiny threaded waterfalls like mere fringes perfectly graduated—as delicate and graceful as a lady's veil. As we stood behind it E—. said, "Do you see? We are taking the veil!" "What is our vow?" "Renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world." "Which considering our mission to Virginia may be better kept than some made in places of loftier pretensions.

Coming out on the hill above the town we saw the pageant of the season in Watkins, a Republican Campaign rally. Long lines of flags from all directions looked faded and petty beside the gorgeous forests blazing in their autumn splendor. We joined the immense assembly in the park. The speaking was wholly unworthy such a great opportunity to instruct and elevate the people.

On the through train to Baltimore we fared steadily forward, across the line of the Empire State, traversed Pennsylvania, and morning light broke for us over the sloping farms and whitewashed houses of Maryland. We took two hours in Baltimore to see its monuments and streets memorable for the stain of April 19th, 1861. Ladies out in summer dresses told us we were in the South. The bright, sunny, warm days that have attended our strolls here are welcome after the frost and snow and ice of our northern latitude. Our time has been divided between the admirable colored schools of Washington, the Smithsonian and the Capitol. This last astonished and delighted me beyond measure. A habitue, whom E—. knew guided us through all its labyrinthian passages to the heights above and the depths below—finishing with the grand corridor, a quarter of a mile long, stretching from wing to wing, and frescoed with inimitable skill and beauty. How is it no one ever describes it either to admire, or show a smartness of art criticism? Whoever delights in seeing blue-birds and robins, scarlet tanagers and gold finches, cardinal grosbeaks and wrens, meadow-larks and woodpeckers, real native birds and butterflies, squirrels and bats, lizards and snails, flowers and grass and corn, should walk those painted halls! No matter *who* may frown and shrug shoulders and declare the short-comings of whatever pencils did this work. The Rotunda dome vaulted so matchlessly—the bronze doors, with the ever-dear story of Columbus—the costly, polished, marble room—the bath rooms—the clean warm engine

rooms (now directed by a man appointed because he don't drink), and the two chambers and President's room beside; see them all, and then go out by this frescoed, Gothic-arched, vista'd passage-way, and you can never forget that you have seen the Capitol of the United States.

CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

Correspondence of the Republican.

THE RADICAL CLUB AND WOMAN.

A CONFERENCE OF SAGES—EMERSON AND WASSON DISAGREE—THE TRUE PLACE OF WOMAN IN GOVERNMENT.

BOSTON, Saturday, November, 21st.

Now that I have been admitted to the inner temple where the gods forge their potent thunderbolts, I wonder how Boston ever existed without the radical club, and why it never was born until last year. Perhaps the fire over which a radical club should be cooked is a slow one, and that the very rare material has never been thoroughly done through until within a twelve month. Whatever the reason of delay, thoughtful people must rejoice that the radical club is to-day an accomplished fact, for from its fruitful seed so generously thrown before the wind, there must come a rich harvest at no distant future. Last Monday saw the second meeting of the second year in the commodious parlors of those well-known friends of humanity, Rev. and Mrs. John T. Sargent. There were present Emerson, Wasson, Alcott and Weiss; Morse and Marvin of "The Radical;" W. J. Linton, the most celebrated of engravers, as well as one of the most graceful of designers, the young and noble Gen. Edward M. Hallowell, who fought beside Shaw at Fort Wagner, and took the command left vacant by the death of his friend and colonel; Julia Ward Howe, Louisa M. Alcott, Louise Chandler Moulton, Nora Perry, and other potentates in literature and society. The chair was occupied by John Weiss, who read an essay on the old yet ever young subject of woman—an essay so beautiful, so earnest, so appreciative of the best womanhood, so generous, so chivalric that there was not a women present whose eyes were not moistened, whose heart was not softened, whose intellect was not inspired, by this tribute from a man to the latent worth of her sex. "God bless John Weiss and all men like him," murmured more than one woman who saw the glorious vista opening for another generation of women. Yes, God bless John Weiss. If ever there comes a time when all men think as he thinks, every woman who comes short of the possibilities awarded to her will have no excuse to fall back upon but that of total depravity. May that time come quickly, for who is not greater and better for being believed in by the true and good? Who that sees her niche in the Pantheon will not strive to be a goddess? To attempt to report John Weiss's essay would be as futile as to attempt a description of Beethoven's heroic symphony. It is a heroic symphony, breathing in every page the poetry of humanity, and I could no more tell you what it was like without giving you the whole, than I could take the sparkle out of a diamond. If Mr. Weiss delivers this essay in public, as he is in duty bound to do, I can only hope that the lyceums of Massachusetts will open their arms to embrace this noblest type of woman.

At the previous meeting the discussion which followed Mr. Wasson's essay was exceedingly interesting. Yesterday every one felt that the best had been said and there was nothing left but prayer. There was a spell upon us which none wished broken, and Mr. Emerson truly expressed the almost universal sentiment, when he said that he thought it would be far better to hold a silent meeting. Yet talk there must be, and talk there was. Mr. Emerson added that it was for woman to decide what her political status should be; that once he believed the practical advocacy of universal suffrage would find no support from tender and superior women, but that now those who most shrunk from a painful duty were at the same time most eager to perform it, and look forward to its consummation as a moment to be seriously hailed. In that state of things it is not for man to give the vote, but for women to take it. The claim would be vitiated were any to deny it. When women of any State are accorded the rights of suffrage, it will be the graceful part of man to make all such arrangements as will be convenient for women. We are all the better for hearing of the riches in store for us, and can only await the eventful arrival.

Mr. Wasson said that he remembered with what delight, when a boy, he watched the swift motion of the wild pigeon, and the pleasure of the morning had been akin to that of former years, for he had been made to feel the same arrowy movement of mind. Still, before adding more votes; before inviting woman to the ballot, he would insist upon the application of mop and broom. Any further additions at present would make matters worse. There would be more slush to wade through. The more space, the more chicane. He would stipulate that there should first be clarification, that politics should learn the art of housekeeping. Of late years, women's desire for the ballot had been put upon the basis of privilege. They felt that they were suffering an injury, a disgraceful inequality. If every trousered wretch held a vote, why not every superior woman? For himself, Mr. Wasson put governing on a different ground. Governing is a job, a "big job" as Lincoln called it, and to be done in the least expensive way. It is very like the building of a ship. There is danger all round, and it is only the virtue of the structure that saves. Mr. Emerson had remarked at the previous meeting, that a government was no better than the people. It seemed to Mr. Wasson it were as wise to say that a ship is no better than the wood in a forest. The proper artisan does not gather all and everything. The principle of of selection comes in, a principle that is absolutely necessary. There should be no more votes granted until preliminary steps are taken to base votes on quality. We should put into the hopper what we expect to get out of the spout. Woman's special genius is one of use, it is finding out what shall be done with things.

Man's province is to provide. It is this special feminine genius that is most wanting in the management of affairs. We Americans know how to *make* money, but what under heaven to do with a dollar we cannot tell. Men should earn money, and women should spend it. There was once a member of Congress who declared that he was a committee of means, and his wife a committee of ways. Women have the power of divination. The genius of women would serve as can no wit of man. There should be a qualification basis for suffrage, and certain departments of the government should be made over to women. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney replied that it was in this very matter of housekeeping where women showed the greater proficiency, and that there would be no purification until women did it. Women would regard the ballot as a heavy responsibility. The finest men took no active part in politics as long as they could make excuses to their consciences. Emerson and his peers shrunk from this duty, until neglect became criminal. Women may be placed in the same category. They consider it as part of the solemn duty of life, and their very reluctance is an argument in favor of their fitness for the trust. It denotes responsibility. Character will be the only test, and then the right men will get into office. It is not true that our government is not better than the body of the people. We say, "I am not fit for President, but I know a man who is. I do not ask for office, but I wish to put the best person in power." There would then be an addition of different elements.

Mr. Alcott argued that numbers need not embarass democracy. Magnetism must come from superior force. It is the rule of the best to magnetize the many. In men and women there is the polarity of magnetism. In the household there is real democracy. When did Saxon beauty bear its loveliest flowers? When Shakespeare wrote, and Elizabeth reigned as the ornament of history. Would Shakespeare and Raleigh have done their best; would that galaxy have shone so brightly in the heavens, had there been no Elizabeth on the throne? Give woman her place in history. She keeps the world in its orbit. If grace and culture mean anything, she should hold her rightful scepter. The fine womanly element is culture, and begins with a sense of beauty. Can there be any culture or rule in government until it is made beautiful? Moore, in his Utopia, spoke for women as well as for men, and educated his daughters as he would have educated his sons. In Plato's "Republic," women become rulers of the state after having given citizens to it. We practically theorize and fall behind antiquity. None of us can be sufficiently thankful for our essay to-day. It is feminine eloquence. Women must come to the foreground, and will have their rights. They always were oracular. No man ever was considered sacred enough for divination. But we are slow to accept the oracl calling it unpractical. That only is most practical which is unpractical. In the ideal household, woman is queen. Now is the accepted time.

Mr. Wasson begged us to remember that Plato extends government beyond existing institutions. He thought that to bring the feminine element into political play, would be a waste of good material.

Mrs. Cheney did not agree with Mr. Wasson. School committees particularly should be partly composed of women. How children shall go to school, what our girls shall do after they get there, and other vital questions which can best be answered by women, now rest with the men.

Mr. Wasson replied that women certainly should control all schools of children under fifteen, and if Utopia cannot be established, he supposed woman should give her vote. This he would assent to, provided special provinces were delegated to her. She should be held responsible for means, but he would not have her take her seat in man's Congress. Something finer can be got at. Our civilization is all litter and chaos. There should be a woman's Congress with a woman president to take charge of the building of cities, of homes, and to dispel that nightmare of the kitchen which is an under-element of barbarism. Kill out suffrage and have boards, and let the best be uppermost.

When Mr. Wasson was asked how he would get his boards and his best, he overthrew his previous arguments, very much to the amused satisfaction of all present who did not sympathize with him in his onslaught upon the people, by saying that *it would be necessary to begin with suffrage.* He, Mr. Wasson did not like indiscriminate praise of woman. Women were not much, if any, better than men. He remembered a Boston woman who, when living in the Shenandoah valley during the war, sent her children to pile up stones in the roads over which the ambulances of our wounded soldiers were to pass. And he remembered another woman in Springfield who, by way of excusing this barbarity, answered, "I think you are hard upon Lizzie. She is a true Christian."

Miss Clarke agreed with Mr. Wasson that there was too much praise of woman. She would have the idea of sex abolished in argument and that of humanity substituted.

Mr. Linton did not believe in representative government. He wanted no one to represent him. He did not choose to abdicate his will, and thought the present system of government vicious. Grafting figs upon thistles would'nt improve matters much. The evil is in the system.

After further discussion the club adjourned to meet again the third Monday in December.

K. F.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I.

Dawn may forget the East, and sunset fail
To unbar the golden portal of the West,
Or Summer perish on the icy crest
Of hyperborean mountains, lashed by hail
Through all the inverted solstice; the babe's wail
May wake no longing in the mother's breast;
But on the soul by gloomiest fate oppressed
God's love shall rise with beams that never pale;
A sunny hope shall sweeten all the air
With life's renewal, richer for the frost
That wrapped his being in a brief despair;
The eye of Mercy sees no spirit lost,
The ear of Pity hears the feeblest cry
And bends that Hand to save which rounds the vaulted sky!

II.

Hate were a thing to love if God could hate;
His symbol the Hyena, not the Lamb,
If from the Grave he snatched the dead to damn!
But God is Love, His will the only fate;
He is Life's centre, and souls gravitate
To God as to the earth our earthly frame.
Volcanic wrath may hurl a mountain's weight
Against the sky, but every mote returns
With equal flight; strong will may drive a soul
Far down in darkness where the true hell burns
Black-flaming, and the waves of ruin roll,
But it rebounds with undiminished force,
For all power is of God, eternal as its source.

THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

AMONG the letters addressed to the recent Woman's Rights Convention were the following from Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS Esq:

LETTER FROM MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

WAYLAND, Oct. 16th. 1868.

DEAR MRS. SEVERANCE:—So much has been said, and said so well, on the subject of universal suffrage, that there seems little left for me except the expression of my hope and belief that your Convention will prove a powerful agent to help on the progress of the world. Every step of human advancement has been marked by an enlargement of woman's sphere of action; and it has long been my conviction, a conviction which deepens with the thoughtfulness of years, that society can never be established on a true and solid foundation so long as any distinction whatsoever is made between men and women with regard to the full and free exercise of their faculties on all subjects, whether of art, science, literature, business or politics. "The tools to those who can use them" is a maxim whose universal application would produce the best possible effects on individual character, and consequently on the prosperity of States. When this republic first started on its great career, I think it would have been a wise precaution to have required a moderate degree of education as a qualification for voting. President Jefferson managed shrewdly for his own election, but did a very mischievous thing for the country, when he advocated the admission of crowds of unqualified foreigners to all the rights of citizenship. But the mistake was made, and the best that can now be done is to regulate the evil by the active exertion of enlightened influence. One thing is certain; the same rule ought to be impartially applied to all classes. If Irishmen who can neither read nor write are allowed to vote, assuredly colored men who can neither read nor write ought also to be allowed to vote.

I hardly feel like condescending to argue the question whether women have a right to exert direct influence on public affairs in the form of voting. It seems too ridiculous to undertake to prove that you and I are as well qualified to vote intelligently as the ignorant hordes which Great Britain annually sends to our shores from her almshouses and prisons.

The salutary effect which the exercise of this right would have on the characters of women has doubtless been over-estimated by some. Still it must be admitted that no element of education is so powerful as a feeling of personal responsibility with regard to subjects of serious interest.

I see little force in the plea that women could not keep themselves well-informed concerning public affairs and take part in elections without neglecting their household duties. Think of the hours devoted to the dreary monotony of worsted work, to the capricious frivolities of fashion, to the ever-pouring flood of sensational novels? Quite as truly might it be said that men could not discharge the duties of citizenship without neglecting their counting-rooms, offices, workshops, farms and manufactories.

It is said that women do not want to vote. Doubtless a large portion of them do not. But there is a minority who do wish to have a voice in the laws by which they are governed, and that small proportion are by no means the least qualified. I am glad that your Convention gives them a chance for utterance.

Trusting that your deliberations will be characterized by good taste and sound common sense, I am, most faithfully, your friend,

L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS ESQ.

NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,
November 15th, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. SEVERANCE: I was sincerely glad to hear of the proposed Suffrage Convention, and I am very sorry that I cannot attend its meetings. The names of those who sign the call are the evidence both of the rapidity and the kind of progress that the good cause is making. John Bright says that when he brought forward in Parliament the question of the Game laws, there was "a little titter" from the opposite side of the House. That "little titter" has greeted every serious proposition of social progress ever made. But whether it remained "a little titter," or deepened into an angry sneer, it has been equally abortive. The cause in which you have been so long and so warmly interested has passed the period of little titter opposition, and has taken its place among the grave questions of the time. Reason, logic, and common sense are all upon its side, and there seems to me to be no adverse argument whatever. For the question is not whether women will do this or that, but whether they shall have liberty of choice. The man who talks about "the sphere of women" as a reason for limiting her equal freedom of development with himself, covers himself with ridicule; for nobody knows what the sphere of woman is until she has the same freedom of choice and action that men have. Whenever a man undertakes to prove to me that women, for instance, have no political capacity, he only succeeds in making me doubt his own. Lord North and Dr. Johnson used to tell the colonists that taxation without representation was no tyranny, and the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby and his friends solemnly assert to this day that Providence designed "niggers" for slaves. A people which has outgrown that kind of folly will not long tolerate the similiar objection to the equal rights of women in the regulation of society in which their interests are as vital as those of men. All that we ask is fair play; open the door of every opportunity, and leave it to women to enter it or not, as they choose. The best policy is to do justly, and it is a shallow statesmenship that refuses justice because it is not demanded at the point of the bayonet. Very truly yours

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

RESOLUTIONS.

The resolutions adopted, were as follows:

WHEREAS, All human beings are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights of life, liberty, and property; and whereas, "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," therefore,

Resolved, That suffrage is an inherent right of every American citizen, without distinction of sex.

Resolved, That our existing governments, both State and National, will be anti-republican in form and anti-democratic in fact so long as one-half of the people are unjustly excluded from the polls.

Resolved, That the injustice everywhere inflicted by the law upon woman—as mother, wife, and widow—is the inevitable consequence of class legislation; that, as the rich cannot be trusted to make laws for the poor, nor the white for the black, so men cannot be safely trusted to make laws for women.

Resolved, That we invite the Republican party to drop its watchword of "Manhood Suffrage," and the Democratic party to abandon its motto of "A White Man's Government," and to unite in an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, extending suffrage to all men and women as the inalienable birthright of every American citizen.

Resolved, That we call upon the Senators and Representatives of New England in Congress to demand suffrage for women in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, upon the same terms and qualifications as are prescribed for men.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of conventions and the organization of societies throughout the New England States; and also the petitioning of the State Legislatures to amend the constitutions of the several States so as to give to women the elective franchise.

WHEREAS, Within the last twenty years, many of the laws in relation to the rights of property of married women have been revised, and some amelioration been effected of those relating to the mother's right to her children, and certain social rights and privileges, heretofore withheld, have been gained; therefore,

Resolved, That it becomes the imperative duty of women to claim the suffrage that these amendments may become permanent, for until the woman has the right of representation her rights are held by an insecure tenor.

Resolved, That in prosecuting the work for woman suffrage we propose the formation of no new political party, but we earnestly recommend to all who desire its success to carefully discriminate, in casting their votes, between its friends and its opponents, and so to use the balance of power as to make the enfranchisement of women the most direct path to political preferment.

Resolved, That we earnestly commend this movement to the clergy of all denominations, in the belief that there can be no more powerful aid to public morality than the enfranchisement of women.

Resolved That the New England Convention assembled for the purpose of asserting the right of the ballot for the women as well as of the men of America, sends greetings and congratulations to the enlightened friends and advocates of women's rights in England at the auspicious signs of the times, at the march of freedom and equality on both sides of the Atlantic; and assures them of its hearty cooperation in the same cause, and its profound conviction that so just and equitable is that cause that nothing but perseverance is needed to ensure its triumph at no distant day, especially in this country which stands committed to it by one of the articles of the Declaration of Independence.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

The following declaration of principles was adopted as the basis of a permanent organization:

1. Believing in the national equality of the two sexes, and that women ought to enjoy the same legal rights and privileges as men, and that as long as women are denied the elective franchise they suffer a great wrong, and society a deep and incalculable injury, the undersigned agree to unite in an association to be called the "New England Woman Suffrage Association.

2. The object of the association shall be to procure the right of suffrage for women, and to effect such changes in the laws as shall place women in all respects on an equal footing with men.

3. The officers of the Society shall be a President, thirteen Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and an Executive Committee of nine persons beside the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be members ex-officio. All the officers shall be chosen at the annual meeting, to continue in office for one year and until others are chosen in their place.

4. Any person may be a member of the Association upon the payment of an annual contribution as a life-member by the payment of twenty dollars.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society, or in his or her absence the Senior Vice-President.

6. The Treasurer shall collect and take charge of funds, make all payments, keep regular accounts, to be audited by the Executive Committee.

7. The Recording Secretary shall keep the records, and the Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association.

8. The Executive Committee shall manage the business of the Association, may elect honorary members, call meetings of the society, prepare petitions to the Legislature, issue publications, and employ lecturers and agents, and take any measures they may think fit to forward the objects of the Association, and fill all vacancies that occur prior to the annual meeting.

9. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held on such day in the last week in May, in Boston, and at such an hour and place, and be called in such a manner as the Executive Committee may appoint.

The permanent organization was effected by the unanimous choice of the following named persons:

PRESIDENT—JULIA WARD HOWE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—Wm. Lloyd Garrison of Boston; Paulina W. Davis of Providence; James Freeman Clarke of Boston; Sarah S. Russell of Boston; John Neal of Portland; Lucy Goddard of Boston; S. E. Sewall of Melrose; Lydia Emmerson of Concord, Mass.; Isabella B. Hooker of Hartford; Harriet K. Hunt of Boston; J. Hutchinson, jr., of West Randolph, Vt.; Mrs. Nathaniel White of Concord, N. H.; Louisa M. Alcott of Concord, Mass.; and John G. Whittier of Amesbury, Mass.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—Sara Clark of Boston.

RECORDING SECRETARY—Charles K. Whipple of Boston.

TREASURER—Ebenezer Draper of Boston.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Lucy Stone Blackwell of New Jersey; Thomas W. Higginson of Newport; R. I.; Caroline M. Severance of Newton; F. W. Bird of East Walpole; Mrs. —— Sargent of Boston; Nathaniel White of Concord, N. H.; R. P. Hallowell of Boston; S. S. Foster of Worcester, Sarah S. Southwick of Needham, Rowland Connor of Boston, B. L. Bowles of Cambridge, George H. Vibbert of Rockport, Olympia Brown of Weymouth.

HOW MANY WOMEN WANT TO VOTE?

THE New England Woman's Suffrage Convention in Boston last week drew up a memorial, and circulated petitions, to Congress as follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representative of the United States in Congress assembled:

"The Undersigned, citizens of the United States, pray your honorable bodies, that in any proposed amendment to the Constitution which may come before you in regard to Suffrage, and in any law affecting Suffrage in the District of Columbia, or any Territory, the right of voting may be given to Women on the same terms as to Men."

Let every woman, who desires to possess and exercise the political rights of an American citizen, cut out the above heading, attach it to a sheet of paper, procure signatures of both men and women, as many as possible, and return them to Mary E. Gage, Secretary of American Equal Rights Association, Anti-Slavery Standard office, New York.

LITERARY.

Putnam's Monthly for December presents the following table of contents:

"No Love Lost," a romance of travel, W. D. Howells; "A Day of Surprises," (concluded,) Virginia Vaughan; "Beyond;" poem, E. A. Stansbury; "Poetry of the Alphabet," Benj. Blood; "Founders of Globe City," (concluded,) J. O. Culver; "A Study of Still Life, Paris;" "Letters on Woman Suffrage;" (concluded); "A Pinch of Salt," "Schele de Vere;" "One Year More," J. W. Palmer; "Planchette in a New Character," "Sydney Hyde;" "Stonewall Jackson," an historical study, by the author of "Lost Cause;" "The Treasury Department;" with portrait of Secretary McCulloch; "Monthly Chronicle," etc.

The excellent letter on "Woman Suffrage" contains the following passage concerning the influence of women as voters.

"Look at the popular objection, that if women were voters this moment, the state of parties would remain the same, the numbers in them only being doubled. This might be so at first, perhaps, but soon that party most nearly representing justice and morality would certainly be the gainer. But suppose it were not so. What I affirm is, that both parties and all parties, when made up of active men and women, will represent a higher grade of thought, feeling and action than they now do. Granted that the men and women of a family will always vote alike now and forever; the men will not vote precisely as they would have done had there not been an intelligent discussion of the principles of political and moral economy in the family; and thereby we have made the great gain of which I speak."

In answering the objection, that woman will desert the home if she participates in political offices, the writer says we may safely leave all her personal matters, as the Great Father has ever done, to her truly divine instincts. "There is every reason to hope and believe that these will not only prevent her from an unconscientious acceptance of offices whose duties she cannot perform without sacrificing higher duties at home, but that in case of her acceptance they will enable her to regulate both her actions and speech according to the true standard of womanly excellence. That this is not an unreasonable hope appears from the fact that, in the denomination of Friends, there has been always the most entire freedom as to public speaking among women; and it frequently happens, I am told, that they chiefly make public exhortations, and deliver the words of the Spirit; yet who, among all women, have higher reputation for modesty, and gentleness of speech, and all womanly virtues, than these same Quaker ladies."

Two new serials are commenced in the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*—"The Record of Dorcas Bentley," an American story, by Caroline Cheesebro; and "The Pearl of Great Price," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. The other contributions are as follows:

"A Terrible Voyage," by John Clerke; "The Garden of Adonis," a poem, by Emma Lazarus; "England and Napoleon III," by Louis Blanc; "The Art of Swindling," by George Manson; "A Contribution to History," by Wm. J. Paulding; "Songs of the Slave," by John Mason Brown; "Lonely Spots and Places," by Mrs. Caroline A. Halbert; "Claims of the Anti-Bondholders;" by Veto; "Reply to 'Claims of the Anti-Bondholders," by Hon. Amasa Walker; "The Young Priest," a tale of Louisiana, by Wm. Maude Evelyn; "Charles Loring Elliott," The Artist, by L. Gaylord Clarke; "On Using Strength to Advantage," by Walter Wells; "In Utroque Fidelis," a poem, by Paul H. Hayne; our monthly gossip, literature of the day, etc.

Our Young Folks for December abounds in pleasing illustrations and interesting stories. In the Prospectus for 1869 it is announced that the Magazine will hereafter be under the immediate Editorial charge of J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom. T. B. Aldrich is to contribute a serial "Story of a Bad Boy." Mrs. Aggassiz is to give a series of papers explaining in a familiar way many of the phenomena observed in the world about us, and E. E. Hale, James Parton, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Diaz, Miss Mulock, Miss Prescott, Sophie May and other well-known authors are engaged to add variety and freshness to this juvenile Magazine already so deservedly popular.

The North American Review, for October contains: "Philosophical Biology;" "Massimo D'Azeglio;" "The New York Convention;" "The Principles of Geology;" "Epic Philosophy;" "The Political Situation in England;" "Harvard College Library;" "The Siege of Delhi;" "The Spanish Gypsy;" and "Critical Notices."

The Edinburgh Review for October contains: "Sybel's History of the French Revolution;" "Senior on Ireland;" "Hindoo Fairy Legends;" "Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea;" "Darwin on Variation of Animals and Plants;" "The Papacy and the French Empire;" "The Agricultural Laborers of England;" "The Spanish Gypsey;" and "The Expiring Parliament."

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Special Notices.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

A MEETING of the Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom, will be held at No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on every Wednesday, prior to December 8th, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

Business of importance demands the punctual attendance of all the members; and they are requested to bring with them any persons who are willing to assist in the work of preparation.

MARY GREW, Chairman.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

The Woman's Advocate will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The Woman's Advocate, the first number of which will be ready by the first of January, 1869, will be issued thereafter every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twelve Cents.

The January number will contain articles from Lucy Stone, Frances D. Gage, Frederick Douglass, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
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[Subscriptions for *The National Anti-Slavery Standard* and *The Woman's Advocate* will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

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Recently Published.
MODERN WOMEN,
AND WHAT IS SAID OF THEM.
Reprinted from The Saturday Review, with an Introduction by Mrs. CAL

Miscellaneous Department.

THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To HIM who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his graver hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, the shroud, the pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth under the open sky and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and her depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old Oceans gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan deserts pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure. All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before will chase his
Favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-haired man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave;
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

MANNERS.

THE Scotch peasant learns his self-respecting manners out of his democratic interpretation of the Bible; the wise and meditative scholar learns grace and dignity by constant contact with the best products of the human mind; the aristocrat from respect for his name and the family portraits. All these people have one common quality; they do not want anything from anybody. But the newly-moneyed man usually wants everything, save money only, from everybody. He covets the deference of the poor, the respect of the learned, and the companionship of the high-born. Thus the abundance of his hard cash does not at all prevent him from being the veriest beggar, the neediest man, in the whole world. The one solid pleasure he has left to him is the contempt which he clandestinely entertains for poorer persons in his own rank. And no man who in this way makes money the private standard of worth and service can be anything but a vulgarism, though a thin veneer may cover up his barbarism well enough to make him moderately presentable at dinner and on other social occasions.

The truth is that to the making of good manners there must either be in the man himself, or have been in those from whom he inherits their tradition, a mixture of moral and intellectual qualities, in neither ingredient of which are our new rich men very strong. A Duchess can be polite, and so can Robert Burns. We require the moral capacity for genial sympathy, and the intellectual capacity for discerning the fitness of things in this or that special set of circumstances. To possess either of these gifts fully and without detriment one must have a certain serenity of mind, which shall allow the unconstrained and gracious play of interest in other persons, and shall permit one's vision of the true aspect of our relations with them to operate free from the clouds which a hungry hunting for their good opinion or good word interposes. The worst and the commonest fault in manners arises from a double mistake—first, that artificial effusion is the same thing as sympathetic interest; and next, that friendly relations demand an unreserved interchange of all inmost confidences. Hence the most odious of all varieties of bad manners. Ill-bred reserve is bad enough, but it is not nearly so insufferable because it does not show nearly so absolute a hollowness of character, as fluent unreserve. An undue reserve may arise from mistaken notions of what constitutes self-respect, but at its worst it is the excess of a virtue. A corresponding excess of unreserve shows that the man who displays it does not know what the virtue means. Vulgar-minded people believe that good manners are altogether contained in cordiality, and that cordiality consists mainly in an overflowing readiness to ask and to answer all questions. There is nothing which they will not ask, and nothing which they are not ready to tell. They have no inner shrine of their own and they do not dream of there being any such sacred place within the minds of other people. Religious doubts, spiritual aspirations, your annual income, your feelings to wife or husband or sister-in-law, all and everything must be held for common wares, to be handled and stared at without let or remonstrance. In the minds of vulgar folk of this sort, a man can have no right of private property in himself. Their theory is a sort of moral comunism; each person is to hold his ideas, emotions, and all the rest of himself, subject to the constant right of inspection in anybody who happens to think that they both belong to the same circle. And the double-sidedness of this makes it especially obnoxious; for if it is particularly unpleasant to have to unbosom one's self at a moment's notice, is it a much pleasanter thing to keep yourself in readiness to receive the unbosomed selves of other people? The probable secret of the eagerness of so many persons to receive the confidences of their acquaintance is that they are thus enabled by all laws of fairness and reciprocity to retaliate by inflicting their confidences in turn. Hence what appears like disinterestedness is nothing better than rapacious egotism.

Manners, after all, are but the outcome and symbol of the larger morals. An age of bad manners is always an age of selfishness, in which small and personal interests reign in men's minds to the exclusion of wider and higher interests. When the whole tendency of society is to make a headlong competition for cash the rule and stimulus to action, we may be sure that the narrow and narrowing selfish interests will preponderate, and that the effect of this preponderance will show itself not more in an unscrupulous readiness to drive hard bargains than in a profound inconsiderateness for the feelings of others in the so-called smaller affairs of social life. It is only on condition of being possessed by broad interests, and by cares for matters of large and public concern, that a man is able to acquire the two great elements of fine manners—dignity and unselfishness. To feel yourself a force, however humble, in great movements, to know that you have a share in their products, to recognize that your own life is a part of a grander whole—this must necessarily give a man a peculiar sense of exaltation, which will at once raise the worth of his personality in his own eyes, and inspire him with respect for the personality of his neighbors. All human life acquires new height and dignity. When have manners been finest? When men cared most for some large national or religious interest. Frenchmen in the palmy days of Louis XIV. had fine manners because those were days of national expansion, which seem invariably to give the men who live in them a size and a demeanor that nothing else can give. And who that reads the literature of the Elizabethan age has not thought of the contrast between the robust and simple manners of that day and the manners of the cotton lord and the petit-maitre of to-day? At that time men were filled with new and generous ideas; the great world was much or everything to them, and each man was not wrapped up in his bank-book, and in the mean ostentation of his private acquisitions.

There was, in short, a large sincerity in the moral atmosphere; and this is just what we unfortunately lack. The flippancy of which rightly fastidious persons complain in modern manners has its root in the smallness and thinness of the aims which engage men's minds. People cannot infuse a worthy stateliness into their manners when it is not in their hearts. You cannot find the lofty gravity of a Milton in a man who is chiefly thinking of the markets. And modern levity of manners is not a good sort of levity; it is very apt to become merely silly. There was a levity in France in the last century which had its charm, because it was bright and informed with intellect, though intellect misdirected. But our present levity is mostly from the teeth outwards, mere facial grinning. When a man cannot even play the fool sincerely, he is decidedly in bad case; and dull, hollow fooling is perhaps one of the worst vices of modern manners.—*Saturday Review.*

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music—
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way,

THE INNUMERABLE VICTIMS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

BY E. E. HALE.

I DARE not try to count the numbers. Nobody dares. Nor would it make any difference if I did. Beyond a very narrow range, dear reader, numbers do not affect your sensibilities nor any man's. I tell you that one hundred thousand people were killed in the earthquake in Peru, and you are sorry; if I tell you that ten thousand people were killed, and I can give you some little account how one of them suffered, you are much more sorry; if I tell you that one hundred were killed, and that I saw them killed, and heard their cries as they died, and have here the orphan of one whom I brought home with me, you begin for the first time to feel that it was indeed a terror of terrors; and if there were only five killed, if those five were your own Dick and Fanny and Frank, and the rest, why there is a sorrow that you will carry with you to your grave. So I will not persecute you with the numbers. There were three hundred years of it; the first three ships that sailed carried as we saw, three hundred slaves; and the last that sailed carried one hundred and fifty-two, of whom one hundred and forty-nine lived to reach Cuba and to be set free. Many and many a ship, in the three hundred years between, was loaded with a thousand and more of the poor wretches. Buxton's estimate in 1830 was that the Christian slave-trade—*Christian*, good God!—that the Christian slave-trade then carried one hundred and fifty thousand slaves across every year, or started with them; that the Mahometan slave-trade of Eastern Africa took fifty thousand more. This was long after the trade had been pronounced piracy by all the commercial nations, and even after England and America had vessels on the African coast to arrest it. What it had been before, no statistics pretend to tell. In 1753 the then new town of Liverpool employed one hundred and one vessels in the trade. Those vessels that year took thirty thousand slaves to the British colonies; and the estimate of that year was that London, Bristol and Liverpool took one hundred thousand. The estimate on this side was the same—that the American colonies of England received one hundred thousand slaves in a year. Besides these, there were the French, Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese American colonies to be supplied. Bonezet's computation is, that thirty per cent. of all these died on the passage or in acclimation. Then the cruelties of the system of slavery, and the opening up of new lands, kept up a steady demand for them, so that I do not see that we can escape the inference that for much of the last century the number of negroes annually brought across by the African slave-trade was as great as is now the number of emigrants from Europe to North America, namely, between three hundred and four hundred thousand every year. In the preceding century the English alone carried from Africa to America three hundred thousand slaves; and the Spanish and Portuguese trade must have been very much larger.—*From the Atlantic Monthly for December.*

PICTURES ON THE WALL.

They speak to me of shady nook
In Nature's leafy bower;
Of lake, and tree, and verdant isle
Where happy songsters chant the while,
And peeps the tiny flower.

They tell me of the summer cloud
At rest on azure sky;
And point me to the woody dell
Where waters sing, and breezes swell,
And silent sleepers lie.

But oh! they speak in deeper tones,
Of one to mem'ry dear,
Whose rosy lip, and blooming cheek,
And sparkling eye that seemed to speak,
Were wont to greet me here.

They breathe the music of her laugh—
The coming of her feet;
They trill the lays she used to sing,
Her loving arms around me fling,
Her loving words repeat.

They tell me of a heart that beats
In sympathy for all;
A hand that drew from Nature's face
These images of matchless grace,
And hung them on the wall.

And, pointing toward the clear blue sky,
They bid me list the call
To meet my loved and early lost,
Where death breathes no untimely frost
O'er pictures on the wall.

A NEW PRISON EXPERIMENT IN RUSSIA.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Herald* writes, under date of July 9th:

"By the exertions of M. Valouieff, Ex-Minister of the Interior, a large building in the Wyborg quarter of the town, formerly used as a bonded warehouse, has been turned into a kind of model prison, on an entirely new plan, for offenders condemned to a short term of imprisonment. This establishment has been organized with a view of rejecting all that is bad in the different prison systems employed in the Old and the New World, and retaining only what has been proved to be advantageous. It is expected on the one hand to be found a means of avoiding the disorders of the ordinary penitentiaries, which, as is well known, are turned into mere schools of iniquity by the enforced idleness of the criminals and their seclusion in common during the night, and on the other hand of remedying the defects of the American cellular system, condemned by Russian philanthropists as inhuman and expensive at the same time.

"The idea of the present attempt, the principal merit of which lies in its cheapness and facility of execution, is entirely due to M. Valouieff, who made his first essay at Moscow, and emboldened by the success that attended his efforts there, has turned his attention to the wants of St. Petersburg. One chief object has been to save the expense of erecting new prisons like the model houses of detention in Europe, which (according to Count Sollohoub, who has contributed to the *Golos* an interesting article on this subject) cost no less than 1,200r. (about £150) per prisoner, by utilizing the vast buildings, such as barracks, hospitals, convents and manufactories, a great number of which lie closed and utterly useless in this capital.

"The establishment in question is divided into four large dormitories, each containing one hundred and forty-eight cells, separated from each other by wooden partition walls. By this distribution it is hoped that the cruelty of cellular detention and the evils of criminal herding together in common at night will be alike removed. Besides the five hundred and ninety-two cells, there is an infirmary with one hundred beds and adequate accommodation for the hospital staff and servants of the establishment. To each dormitory is attached a spacious, well-lighted workshop, in which shoemaking, tailoring for the army, weaving, locksmiths, joiners and other trades are carried on. In one part of the premises is a forge, and beyond an excellent kitchen garden. The prison is capable of holding 800 *détenus*, whereas, the cost of adapting the old building to its new purpose did not exceed 80,000r., *i. e.*, 100r. per man.

"The Minister of the Interior was very desirous of making the prisoners themselves help by their handiwork to meet the expenses of installation, and eventually to contribute something towards their own keep. This he found quite possible in his experiment at Moscow, but there the criminals were of a class whose term of imprisonment was longer in duration, and of course in their case the task was easier and more practicable, there being ample time in three or four years for the prisoners to serve an apprenticeship, learn a trade, and even take in work by contract, chiefly for the army. However, it seems that in the new establishment, which only admits individuals condemned by the *juge de paix* to one year's imprisonment or under, the result has been wholly satisfactory, the work assigned being chiefly mechanical, and the system has worked so well, that Count Sollohoub expresses a hope that deportation to Siberia, a fruitful source of disorder, useless expense, and disgraceful abuses, may henceforward be found unnecessary.

"To adverse critics who reproach the authorities with making the place too comfortable, and the criminals better off in many respects than honest artisans, the Count answers that the loss of liberty, the restraint, the irksome discipline, the shame of their position, the privation of their old habits and pleasures, and regular hours of work, will still be found sufficient to create repulsion and cause a real pain to the idle and depraved. Even if it does not, he argues that whoever contrasts the present houses of detention with the hideous dens of vice and drunkeness that obtained formerly, will be gratified at the salutary change. After all, regular work must be productive of some good, and regular wages must be found a powerful incentive to exertion."

TEA PLANTATIONS.

ABOUT noon we entered the tea region and got a glimpse of the shrub or tree which produces the leaf from which is made the beverage which, "cheers but not inebriates." The plant which furnishes the tea is known by botanists as the "Thea Chinensis"—it is an evergreen shrub, usually from four to eight feet high, although in some parts of the country it reaches a hight of thirty feet. It has numerous alternate branches furnished with eliptical oblong or lanceolate-pointed leaves, which are serrate except at the base, smooth on both sides, green, shining, marked with one rib and many transverse veins, and supported alternately upon short foot-stalks. They are two or three inches long, and from half an inch to an inch in breadth, looking something like the leaf of the weeping willow. The flowers are either solitary or supported, two or three together, at the axils of the leaves. They are of considerable size, not unlike those of the myrtle in appearance, consisting of a short green calyx with five or six lobes, of a carolla with from four to nine large unequal snow-white petals, of numerous stamens, with yellow anthers and connected at the base, and of a pistil with a three-parted style. The fruit is a three-celled and three-seeded capsule. There has been considerable discussion amongst naturalists as to the number of varieties of tea known. It is now pretty generally conceded that there are but two varieties of the plant, and that the many varieties known to commerce are caused by the mode of curing and the time of picking the leaves. The tea plantations here are very extensive, some of them containing as many as thirty thousand plants. The tree is propagated from seeds, which are planted in holes at certain distances, from six to a dozen seeds being placed in each hole, in order to secure the growth of one. In three years the plant yields leaves for collection, and in six attains the height of a man; when from seven to ten years old it is cut down, in order that the numerous shoots which issue from the stump may afford a large product of leaves. These are picked separately by the hand, and three crops are generally taken each year. The second crop is being gathered at the present time, and the third crop will be made in June. As the youngest leaves are the best, the product of the first collection is most valuable, while that of the third, consisting of the oldest leaves, is comparatively little esteemed. Sometimes only one or two harvests are made, but care is always taken to assort the leaves according to their age. The character of the plant, dependent upon the soil, situation, climate and culture, has also a great influence upon the value of the leaves. It is said that the best tea is procured from the shrubs which grow upon the sides of steep hills with a southern exposure. I am satisfied that if some person with capital and enterprise should take the matter in hand and build tea plantations in the counties of San Bernardino, Los Angelos, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, in California, as good tea might be raised in the United States as anywhere else in the world. Tea could also be raised in the counties further north, for it flourishes in Japan, where it is quite cold at times—snow falling during the winter months. But before our tea could become popular we would have to learn the art of preparing the leaves after they are gathered, because the leaves when taken from the tree will not make a cup of tea fit to drink.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FIRST ARCHÆOLOGIST.—Boucher de Perthes the founder of the science Archæology, died at Abbeville, France, on August 3d, at the age of eighty. Boucher de Grevecœur de Perthes was the first to call the attention of the learned world to those remarkable relics of the earliest ages, the flint implements used by man before the discovery of metals. At first ridiculed as a visionary, then by degrees listened to with increased interest, he at length succeeded in proving to archæologists that there had been in Europe an age of stone. He also discovered the first human jaw ever found in the undisturbed Alpine drift, proving thereby, as he contended, that man had been coeval with the extinct races of large carnivora, which peopled Europe before the commencement of the present geological period. His valuable collection of flint implements now form an important part of the Gallo-Roman Museum, at St. Germain, France.

SONNET.

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, . . . who has brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold!—but very poor instead!
Ask God who knows! for frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go further! Let it serve to trample on.

E. B. BROWNING.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD SERVANTS.—To get skillful servants and workwomen then, it is necessary to make them feel that their occupation is not the business of a few months or years, but their life-long vocation, which, the better they understood and practised, the higher would be their pay and their importance; and of course there is no way of doing this, except by making it possible for them to continue it after marriage, instead of giving it up, as they now must do, in order to cook, wash, and sew for their husbands and families. Admitting them into the association as co-operative housekeepers, however, would solve the whole problem; for then their cooking, washing, and sewing would be done for them as for the richer members, leaving them free to give to the association their working hours, and their skill in that special branch of household duty to which they had devoted themselves in their unmarried years. But, after all, the amount of the admission fee, like the pew-rents of our churches, will decide the character of each co-operative association. Birds of a feather have never hitherto found any difficulty in flocking together quite exclusively; and all that would arrange itself, like the different quarters of a city, without the necessity of invidious clauses in the constitution.—*From the Atlantic Monthly for December.*

THE MODERN LADY MUST DO NOTHING FOR PAY.—It is one of the cherished dogmas of the modern lady, that she must not do anything for pay; and this miserable prejudice of senseless conventionality is at this moment the worst obstacle in the way of feminine talent and energy. Let the co-operative house-keepers demolish it forever, by declaring that it is just as necessary and just as honorable for a wife to earn money as it is for her husband; let them, moreover, resolve that time and skill is what they will pay for, and not sex, and the age will soon see what efforts women can make after excellence when there is hope of just reward for it. Then alone shall we begin to walk in self-respect, and the poor wronged workwoman throughout the world to raise her drooping head.—*From the Atlantic Monthly for December.*

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DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)
TESTIMONIAL OF THE
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OF THE
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AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.
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"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.
PARIS, September 8th, 1868.
COUNT SERRUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.
COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.
To Monsieur Hudson."
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